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Albert Monier

Springtime in Paris: H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh are paying a State visit to France on April 8

In this number:

- The Intellectuals in China Today (Elias Bredsdorff)
- The Untold Wealth of the Sahara Desert (François Duchêne)
- Dangers of 'a Practical Education' (Wayne C. Booth)

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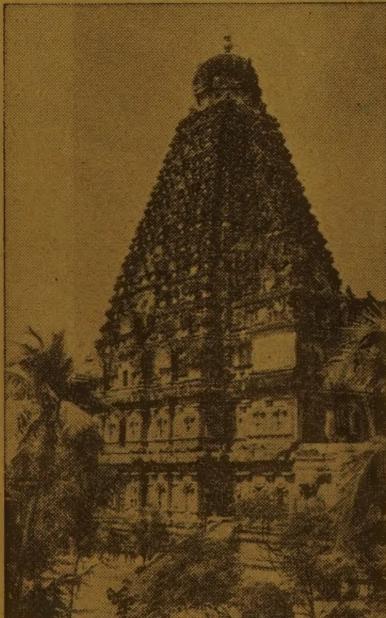
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The Saxons called this 'Eoster-monath' and thereby honoured the Anglo-Saxon goddess of Spring. Our name for the month, however, derives from the Latin word 'aperire' ('to unfold').

Our earliest recollections of April seldom (alas!) are concerned with tulips blowing prettily in the showers. It is much more likely that they are centred upon the mildly lunatic festival with which the month begins. And it is all very well for our children to tell us that we cannot be made an April Fool after 12 o'clock on the first; Budget Day brings to most of us the faint suspicion that someone has forgotten the rules of the game. It is all very unsettling; but there is some comfort in the knowledge that (outwardly, at least) the Midland Bank remains unaffected by all this spring fever. It continues steadily on its way, providing banking service for all, in a way that everybody likes.

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Wages and the Common Market

By C. J. GEDDES

THE almost certain creation in the near future of a Customs Union for the six community countries is, for the continental trade union movements, certainly for those of the six countries, the translation of many years of thought into practice. For them it is a great victory. The decision to try to create a free trade area for the rest of Europe so far as the British trades union movement is concerned is, or should be, the beginning of a period of new thinking; in some respects for them it is a defeat.

To understand why the continental unions take such a different view of European integration from that of our own unions, one has to go back at least to the formation of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. This body is open to all the trade union movements this side of the Iron Curtain and the vast majority of the free trade union movements have in fact joined it. Under its constitution regional organisations were set up, including one for Europe, the European Regional Organisation. Its first and present Secretary, Walter Schevenels, is a Belgian by birth but a European by conviction of many years standing; and he is convinced that western Europe can remain free only if its economic future can be safeguarded by integration and a controlled economic policy. Politically he believes this can be achieved only by a supra-national authority to govern Europe. Recent Russian reaction to Euratom and the Common Market supports his view which is also supported by many of the trade union movements in Europe.

It is not surprising that under this impetus one of the first decisions of the Regional Organisation was to set up an economic committee to study the problem of European integration. Almost immediately the committee decided to have a number of reports prepared upon particular aspects of integration. Five such reports were prepared; they were on liberalisation of trade; balance of payments; investment policy; full employment; and the problems of European integration. All of these

reports were approved by the committee and formed the basis of reports submitted to the biennial conference. The result is that the majority of the continental trade union movements are committed to the idea of European political, social, and economic integration. Through the E.R.O. they have tried to change the view of the T.U.C. Now that Britain is favourably considering a free trade area, pressure on the T.U.C. to go even further into an integrated Europe will be more vigorously applied.

The British T.U.C.'s attitude to all this has been sceptical tolerance. Despite the creation of the Council of Europe, the formation of the European Coal and Steel Community, their general idea was that this was all right for those who wanted it; they did not mind watching the wagon go by so long as they were not committed to ride on it. My personal task as the T.U.C.'s representative on the E.R.O. economic committee was to ensure that the wording of the reports and recommendations was in such terms that they could be swallowed without too much mental indigestion. The general council was prepared to accept the terms 'adaptation and harmonisation' in place of 'integration and co-operation', an almost classic example of turning the blind eye to an unwelcome development.

Despite their socialist basis trade unionists prefer protection to free trade. They believe in high tariffs to protect their own wages and conditions and free trade in the other fellows' goods to increase their own purchasing power. They are not alone in this thinking. The Common Market of the six is not based upon the idea of universal free trade. An important feature is the common tariff barrier against all non-member states. Free trade for those within, protection from those without. The major purpose of the free trade area is to jump the common tariff barrier of the six. There is nothing surprising about this since for the majority the basis of one's life is a job. Employment is not a high adventure, a voyage of discovery, except for the few. It

is an imperative necessity without which a decent life, even in a welfare state, is impossible. Stability in employment is a prerequisite for any sort of planning. Food and clothing, furniture of one's own choice, a house to put it in, education for the children, provision for the future, modern social amenities and reasonable leisure—all this depends upon our earning capacity. In a prosperous Britain most of these things are possible for the vast majority. Any threat to that prosperity by 'unfair competition' is a threat to the possibility of a decent life.

Historic Conferences

There is no doubt that the General Council of the T.U.C. would much have preferred to continue to deal with the European idea on paper rather than having to deal with the reality, which they are now having to do. The decisions of the Ministers of the six community countries at their conferences at Messina and Venice did not hit the British head-lines to the extent they deserved. The brutal fact is—brutal, that is, to us—these were historic conferences out of which will come a new Europe, whether we like it or not, whether we are part of it or not. When trade unionists and politicians in any nation or group of nations wholeheartedly embrace an idea, that idea sooner or later will become fact; so far as the six community countries are concerned this has happened, economic integration has been accepted, is proceeding by stages, and social and political integration will follow unless the politicians run away from the final stage.

The T.U.C.'s attitude to the creation of a European free trade area, as distinct from a customs union, is similar to that of the British employers: a cautious acceptance; the swallowing of unpleasant medicine to cure what may be a more unpleasant malaise. Nothing must be changed! As though that were possible. There must be adequate anti-dumping laws, there must be equalisation of labour costs, including fringe benefits, insecure industries must continue to be protected. We are not afraid of increased competition providing we eliminate the possibility. In other words we do not mind joining the team so long as we are not expected to participate in the game. The fact that the six community countries have considered these problems and are prepared to take the risks involved has not alerted us to the idea that events in Europe are overtaking us. We decline to indulge in fresh thinking, but of course we must.

That 'we' is all embracing but in this instance is specifically directed to the British trade union movement. The structure of the continental trade union movements differ markedly in some respects from that of the British movement. In some ways ours is much the better: for example, there are no religious divisions, no political divisions; in that sense we are more unified. In another we are much more diversified. The British movement is a collection of completely autonomous unions. The T.U.C. can generally speak for the movement but it can seldom act on its behalf. On the continent the national centres, the equivalent of the T.U.C., can both speak and act on behalf of their affiliate unions. On the continent, in most cases the wages policy of the unions is determined by the national centre and in some the actual negotiations are conducted on a national basis by the centre. In Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark the national centres generally control the policies of the affiliated unions; in Sweden, for example, there is a national strike fund controlled by the national centre. In Germany whilst the large industrial unions conduct separate negotiations direct with the employers the national centre co-ordinates policy to a much greater extent than in Britain. The west German equivalent to the T.U.C. maintains an economic department with a staff of about fifty at an approximate cost of £70,000 per year.

Decisive Factors in a Competitive Market

The importance of this in an integrated Europe cannot be over emphasised. In a fiercely competitive market, productivity and output per man-hour together with low labour costs will be the decisive factors. If the national centres, and particularly those of the six community countries, can determine national trade union policy on these vital issues; if these policies can then be unified, countries within the Common Market or within the free trade area will be an even more competitive force and their competitors will be at a corresponding disadvantage. Whilst this development is by no means a certainty it is a distinct possibility. The machinery is there and the will to use it will grow.

How is the British trade union movement, with its different structure

going to face this new situation? Is it going to wait fifteen years and then consider how to put the horse back in the stable or is it now going to think how to secure the door? At the present time there is no British trade union economic policy. The T.U.C. has a good economic department, staffed by keen young men with an intelligent grasp of the internal economic situation and a knowledge of the implications of a free trade area; but they work for the General Council and their documents are conditioned to the mental attitudes of that body. The argumentation in their documents is so well balanced, so qualified, that they are acceptable to people with widely different views. They are in fact the perfect civil servants of the trade union movement, but this has led to the avoidance by the General Council of any real consideration of the facts. Argument is on phrasing and not on content.

The British trade union movement has no wages policy. Looking back over the post-war period we can see that there has been an annual wages cycle but it is almost impossible to say who starts it and where it ends. The trade union movement has been blamed far too much for post-war inflation. Far too little regard has been had to the immediate post-war policy of the export trade in particular and traders in general in ruthlessly exploiting the sellers' market created by post-war shortages.

It is true that in no country is the purchasing power of the monetary unit the same as it was ten years ago: that inflation is world wide and not confined to Britain. Nevertheless trade unionists pay too much regard to prices as buyers and too little regard to prices as sellers. In an increasingly competitive world market and particularly in a fiercely competitive European market this could prove fatal to the rising prosperity of Britain. This is not the problem only of the trade union movement nor can it alone find the solution. It would, however, be in a much better position to bring pressures upon all those concerned in the solution—the Government, the industrialists, and employers in general—if it put, as it were, its own house in order first. At the present time trade unionists appear to point to the untidiness of other people's houses as an excuse for doing nothing to tidy up their own.

New Approach to Improved Living Standards

What should it do? In the first place, trade unions must become much more price conscious and much less wage conscious. The assumption that increased wages is the be all and end all of trade union activity must be swept away by a new approach to improved standards of living through increased purchasing power via lower prices and not via higher wages. There is no doubt whatever that trade unions will cease as an effective force the day they accept, either passively or actively, a policy which admits of a lowering of the standards of living of their members, but there is no reason why they should do so. The issue is not why a higher standard but how? If £1 purchases 21s.-worth instead of 18s.-worth of goods compared with a year ago, then the urge for higher wages, as such, disappears. In addition the nation would have increased its competitive power, not worsened it. Once the workers grasp the fact that price and quality is the only way to meet competition; once they accept that the imperative need to expand our export trade is the only way to greater prosperity; that only to hold our present markets means stagnation and to lose any of them is fatal to the well being of the nation as a whole, they will respond as they have responded to hard facts in the past. The first duty of the T.U.C. General Council is to start educating on these lines, to risk the abuse of the ill-informed and the attacks of the extreme left. It is not courageous leadership which is lacking but the lack of conviction due to preoccupation with less important affairs.

That in itself is not enough. If the policy of the trade union movement is to change from higher and yet higher wages to lower and still lower prices, it must change its structure at the top. The T.U.C. must be able to speak and act on behalf of the movement as a whole. Let there be no illusions that this is almost asking the impossible. The trade union movement is full of rugged individualists. It is made up of small and big empires, and there are many emperors. To ask the leaders of the big ten to obey instead of instruct is, it would appear, asking too much. But is it? The General Council is composed of thirty-three leaders of the movement, representing 66 per cent. of the total affiliated membership, covering every department of industry; they could certainly act on behalf of the movement, if they would. In any case the annual congress can make and change policy on behalf of all affiliated unions and the General Council could give the lead in the right direction.

(continued on page 567)

The Untold Wealth of the Sahara Desert

By FRANÇOIS DUCHÈNE

THE Sahara is one of the rare places we still tend to see in the amiable spirit of Jonathan Swift's geographers, who

in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps;
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

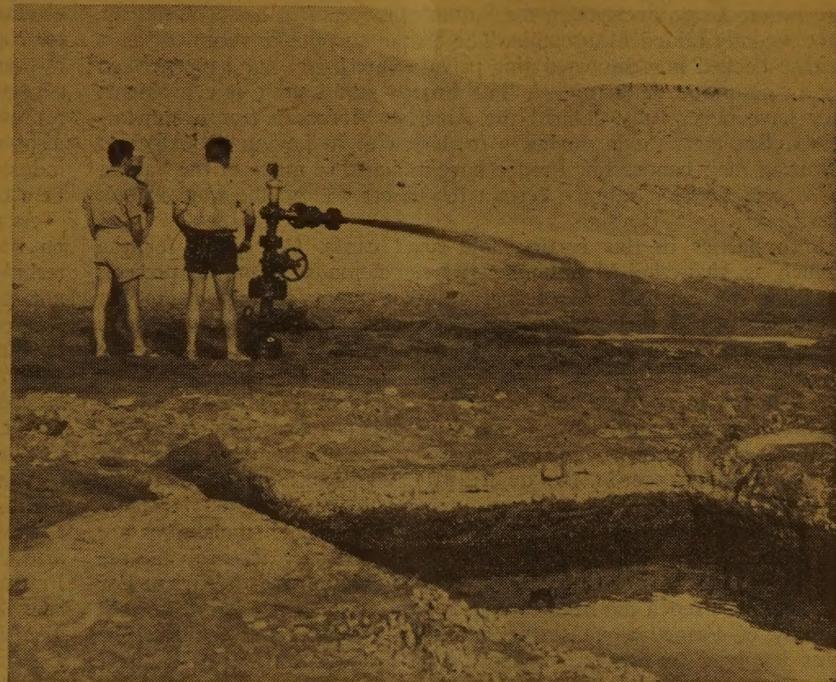
It is a fanciful view which will not survive long. French prospectors are rapidly drawing the Sahara into the circuits of the industrial world. In fact, perhaps the most attractive finds are not industrial: the archaeologists are unearthing cave-drawings as impressive as those of Altamira or the Dordogne, and some still more graceful. The Sahara was probably one of the birth-places of society, a hunting-steppe when Europe was under ice. It had lost even that anachronistic distinction by the time the French annexed it at the turn of the century, chiefly to link up their coastal possessions. But now that desert after desert is being opened up they are hoping the Sahara may do for Europe what Canada and Siberia are doing for America and Russia.

The Sahara stretches from the Atlas to Timbuctu, and from Dakar to the independent Sudan, and intensive research dates only from 1950. It is a short time for prospecting, even with helicopters and jeeps. Yet though the finds are still few and widely dispersed they promise well. Oil has been struck chiefly in the north-east, at Edjele, on the Libyan border; at Hassi-Messaoud, not far, as desert distances go, from Tunisia; and at Hassi R'mel, 300 miles due south of Algiers. The cautious experts refuse to claim that they have found another Kuwait, but every day hopes seem to rise a point or two and they are already beginning to make comparisons, for the future, with Venezuela. The Government hopes in three years' time to send enough oil to a proposed refinery on the Algerian coast to meet all North African needs and a quarter of French. It will probably be cheap oil as well as plentiful.

The metals, too, are sited at points along 1,000 miles of the western Sahara, off the edge of Morocco, and farther south in Mauretania. The outstanding discovery is an iron-field near Tindouf, just outside Morocco, as useful as any in the world.

Elsewhere, more iron has been found, and copper, lead, manganese, and zinc in useful quantities. At Colomb-Bechar, astride the presumed Algerian-Moroccan border, coal has been mined since before the war. The field is poor, but the town is the one existing industrial centre near the desert, and the French have put a big guided-missiles range there. General De Gaulle, the other day, was the last visitor of note to make it his desert base.

But there will be no Manchesters in the desert, any more than there are in Labrador. The finds are recent precisely because the new American techniques, symbolised by the bulldozer, make production possible with few workers. Low manpower is the first condition of desert mining. The second is quantity production. In the words of one expert here: 'A small mine in the desert is unthinkable. We must extract five or ten million tons of iron or nothing'. The third condition is efficient transport. Most processing and maintenance plant will probably be placed outside the desert. The last condition is heavy capital investment. New World techniques work only with New World sums. The French make no secret of being fired by American and Russian example in 'conquering nature'.



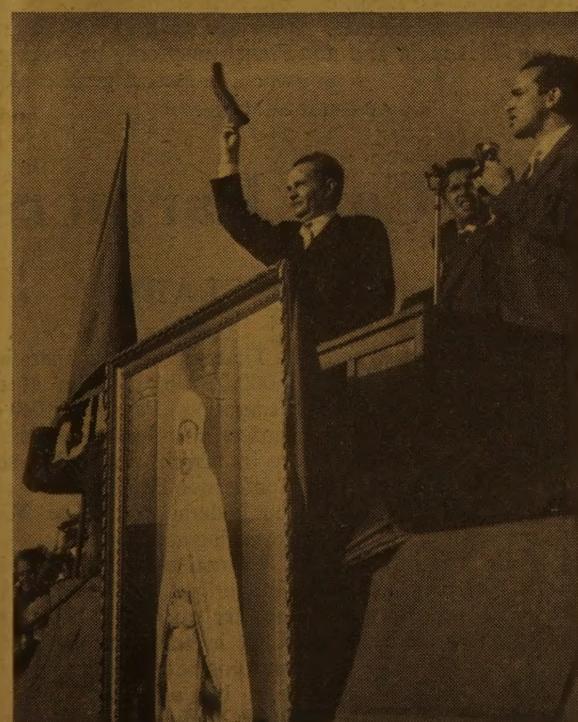
Oil gushing from a well at Edjele in the Sahara Desert

Their ambition may well be justified. The Sahara has hardly been tackled yet. But the results are more than encouraging. The geological presumptions are favourable. Like Canada, it has large areas of pre-Cambrian rock which could yield all kinds of metal from gold to tungsten and uranium. Like the Middle East, it also has great sedimentary deposits undisturbed by subsequent upheavals.

The Sahara seems to promise France release from her poverty in fuels, which has been a basic cause of her long decline and now endangers her recovery. Some Frenchmen even believe it offers the key to a new kind of empire based on industrial wealth. In M. Mollet's words, 'The Sahara could be tomorrow . . . the federative element uniting all the border countries in a common prosperity'. With the Sahara's help the French hope to lessen their dependence on the Middle East, to strengthen their country's leadership of the franc zone, and restore its influence in the world.

To the North Africans, with a population that will double in twenty-five years, the Sahara promises the only visible escape from grinding poverty and political explosion. Their revolt against French rule conceals a still more far-reaching internal revolution against an old order associated with near-starvation levels of existence. Independence has, if anything, aggravated the economic troubles of Morocco and Tunisia. Saharan riches would offer a relatively easy way out.

It looks as if the Sahara may one day provide the wealth to satisfy all these large ambitions. But big prospects have whetted big appetites, especially as most of the French finds lie near the frontiers of the new North African states. There have already been differences with the Libyans



Si Allal el Fassi, leader of the Greater Morocco movement, addressing a meeting in Casablanca

over the Edjele oilfield. More serious is the Greater Morocco movement, led by Si Allal el Fassi, the poet and mystic of the Moroccan independence struggle. To judge by the maps he publishes—he is now bringing out a newspaper called the *Moroccan Sahara*—his Greater Morocco would be five times the present size of the country. It would include all Mauretania and vast tracts of the Algerian Sahara. There is little historical justification for these claims, though a Moroccan sultan, Ahmed the Victorious, brought back slaves and gold from Timbuctu when Elizabeth reigned in England. But Moroccan marauders of the Liberation Army, over which the Sultan's Government has little control, have recently raided Mauretania. The Sultan and the Government have neither backed nor disowned this private enterprise, but have pressed for a 'definition of frontiers'. The French admit there is a problem; they have never fully defined the Algerian-Moroccan frontiers themselves. But they are in no hurry to deal with it, having the Algerian revolt on their hands. The French have attached so much of the Sahara to Algeria that it is almost certain the desert will go the way Algeria goes.

Both parties in this rivalry hold good cards. One point for the French is that the Mauretanian warrior-nomads seem, at present, unwilling to become Moroccans. Another point is that Moroccan ambitions would ultimately cross with Algerian interests. France's trump, however, is that there is still no sign that the Sahara can be rapidly developed without French aid. France invests annually in her colonies more than the whole of American Point Four aid to the world. Further, questions of costs are still not clear, and American business has plenty of good propositions nearer home. The future of French influence in the desert probably hangs on the accuracy of this assessment.

Yet, even if their calculations are right, the French themselves are far from having a free hand. For one thing, the only access to the sea for the oil and ores of the desert is usually through North Africa. For another, the French too need foreign capital. There has been much talk recently of France alone extracting the oil from the desert. But the sums involved are large: some say £250,000,000 for oil in the next few years; and for metal mining at least the French will need foreign capital. One of the roots of their ambitious new 'Eurafrica' idea is awareness of the need for European, especially German, capital to supplement French in the Sahara. The French, who are keen to establish themselves before the American oil-companies, in particular, can intervene, are touting round their common market associates—and in Britain—for partners in developing Africa. A Franco-German party of industrialists is touring the region at the moment. But foreign firms are understandably shy of committing long-term capital in areas that resound with the clash of claim and counter-claim. The French *patronat* itself is anxious for a closer definition of frontiers and of costs. Despite the risks the French seem willing to take on oil-production, little progress will be possible without an end to fighting in Algeria and a subsequent political settlement in the whole area.

* Broadcast on March 30

—Third Programme

South of Sahara—III

Black and White: Can Partnership Succeed?

By WILLIAM CLARK

THE road to self-government in Africa is beset with snares and pitfalls. Ghana has just managed to reach the end of the road, but as I said in my last talk†, other African countries (Nigeria and Uganda) have still some formidable obstacles to overcome. Yet their problems seem almost insignificant compared with the great difficulty which faces the Central African Federation, the difficulty of creating a multi-racial society, a state in which Africans and Europeans live side by side.

As I flew into Salisbury, the Federal Capital, I was at once struck by the contrast with West Africa. The countryside had none of the lush extravagance of the tropics; I looked down on to orderly well-kept green fields that might have been in England. The town, too, with its old-fashioned shops filled with English women shoppers seemed nostalgically like home. The reason is simple: Salisbury and most of the Federation is on a plateau 4,000 feet high, and the climate is so temperate that almost 250,000 Europeans (in fact, mostly British) have made their homes in the land.

The Mollet Government, in its new Joint Organisation for the Sahara, has shown signs of appreciating the difficulties. Patriots who argued, somewhat blasphemously, that 'France created the Sahara out of nothing' wanted to set up a kind of Saharan territory directly attached to France. The Government reluctantly rejected this. The new organisation does not change the desert's political affiliations, arbitrary though the French themselves have made them. It will continue to belong, administratively, to Algeria, to Mauretania, and to the Negro Sudan, Niger and Chad territories. The new organisation will be only economic and military. It will co-ordinate investment and grant charters to companies working the desert. Its director and board, though responsible to the French Prime Minister, will be flanked by a supervisory committee composed half of parliamentarians and half of representatives of the interested territories. Tunisia and Morocco would also be invited to join. It would start as soon as possible to bring industrial resources to North Africa. An oil refinery in Algeria would be a first step on that road.

As far as it goes this is an intelligent approach. It does not presume on the border question, and a joint development of the Sahara is technically and financially desirable. The Moroccan Government does not seem to deny this any more than M. Bourguiba in Tunisia. The Negro territories, which are for the moment out of the picture because the finds have been made to the north, would also stand to gain by a collective approach. A Negro Minister in M. Mollet's Government, M. Houphouet-Boigny, has been largely responsible for framing the law.

Yet the scheme seems politically outdated before it has begun working. It is based partly on the awareness of many Frenchmen that realism in colonial policy today consists in keeping full economic links with ex-colonies. But under the influence of other Frenchmen it offends against the spirit of that policy by making the Sahara organisation directly subordinate to the French Prime Minister. Granting that France must remain at the top of the bill as star provider of capital, it is less certain that this is the best way of doing it. Morocco and Tunisia are newly independent. Mauretania, the Niger, Sudan and Chad are having their first taste of partial self-rule in their elections this week*, and by and by they will want more. Algeria's future is unknown, but even on M. Mollet's reckoning will be autonomous. French political tutelage that goes beyond the role played by France as financial co-ordinator will be irksome to them, as it already is, in prospect, to the Moroccans.

Economically, then, the approach of the French seems imaginative and sound. But almost certainly they must accept more egalitarian political solutions if they are to make a success of it. The brave new Sahara does probably offer the best hope for creating a reality of 'Eurafrica' because the desert is a natural focal point for European and African interests. But they will not meet until a political settlement provides security for the grand finances of 'Eurafrica'. Otherwise, the French may only be forging a new link in their chain of colonial crises, when, in fact, Algeria could probably be the last of them.

—Third Programme

That simple fact, that there are 250,000 whites living among about 7,000,000 blacks, lies at the heart of the political problem of the Federation. Paradoxically enough it is the presence of these white settlers, who have brought so much progress to Rhodesia, that has held up its march to complete self-government. At the next Commonwealth Conference Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana will be a full member of the club; the Federation's Prime Minister will still not represent a fully self-governing state.

I found that this anomaly caused a good deal of resentment in the Federation. Nowhere in Africa is there more passion put into the familiar question: 'If Ghana can be self-governing, why can't we?' Why, in fact, has the Federation become stuck in this curious half-way position where her Prime Minister attends Commonwealth meetings, but London retains some control over the country's internal affairs?

The answer is simply this, that Britain has always refused to leave the white settlers, who almost alone manage the Government, in full

control over the African population. Southern Rhodesia has been self-governing since 1923, except in matters affecting the African population; since 1953, when Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland were joined with Southern Rhodesia in the Federation, the Federal Government has had very wide measures of self-government, except, again, in matters affecting the African population. Whitehall still today makes its influence felt in Central Africa in protecting the rights of Africans.

On the whole the Africans warmly welcome this link, and the Colonial Office—it is rather a surprise to find—is regarded by Africans as a sort of benevolent universal aunt. But in varying degrees the Europeans tend to resent what they call the 'dead hand of Whitehall', and to demand equal rights with Ghana and the Union of South Africa. I talked to one of the leaders of the Dominion Party in Northern Rhodesia, who told me it was their plan at some point simply to pass a resolution through the Federal Parliament declaring that the whole Federation was a self-governing Dominion within the Commonwealth. 'That way', he said, 'after the fuss had died down, we would be free to deal with our own problems in our own way.'

'Our own problems' are pretty clearly the problems of the relations between European and African, but what does 'our own way' mean in the Federation? To the south there lies the Union whose way means white domination and *apartheid*; northward lies Uganda whose way is the creation of a primarily African state. Can the Federation find a compromise way of its own which will maintain the liberty of white settlers without infringing the liberties of native-born Africans? On the answer to that question, I believe, hangs the whole future of Europeans in the east and centre of Africa. Can the two races peacefully coexist? The Federation is betting its life that they can, and the slogan that they use to describe the relation of the races is 'partnership'. So far it has been really only a slogan; after all, the Federation is only four years old; but now both Europeans and Africans are beginning to work out just what partnership means, just how the two races can get along together.

As I went round the Federation I asked members of both races, and of all shades of political opinion, just what was their view of partnership, and in trying to sum up all those differing ideas I find, to my regret, that I must divide up the answers according to race. The views of the Europeans and Africans hardly coincide at all, even when you leave out the extremists who want straight white or black domination. There are few of these extremists, though they are vocal; indeed what struck me about the Federation was that nearly all the Europeans felt very strongly that they must not imitate the Union of South Africa, that white domination is impossible as a theory and in practice. In theory what they mean by partnership, I believe, is that the Europeans will set a standard to which Africans can attain; when they have attained it they will be treated as equals. That is the theory behind the new plan for the Southern Rhodesia franchise announced recently, which will put an increased number of Africans on the common roll of voters—as the equals of Europeans—when they attain certain standards of education, wealth, literacy, and so on. This theory is the modern version of Cecil Rhodes' saying: 'Equal rights for all civilised men'.

If that saying were applied in Southern Rhodesia today it would be a revolutionary doctrine, for in Salisbury I found the hotels did not admit Africans, however civilised; there are seats in the parks labelled

'Europeans only', and there is strict segregation of African housing. If Africans are to be treated as social equals, when they have achieved equal standards of civilisation, it is going to be difficult for Southern Rhodesians to overcome these old-established prejudices. But it is unfair, I think, to write off all the talk of partnership as hypocrisy. The Federation is not the same as the Union; they are moving in different directions. In the very month when the Union is preparing to close the doors of its old universities to Africans, the Federation has opened its new university to European and African students. Yet—the Federal university does insist on separate living quarters for the two races, because, so I was told, you really cannot go too fast or you will cause a revolt amongst the Europeans and they will all go to the Union for their university education.

Talking to Mr. Garfield Todd, the New Zealand missionary who is now Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, I could not help being

struck by the earnest sincerity with which he expounded the theory of partnership, of bringing up the African to European standards. But again in the background stood this fear that if his Government moved too fast it would lose the support of the Europeans. So the Federation tends to make haste slowly.

But that is where Ghana has had such a revolutionary effect on the Africans of the Federation. They see fellow-Africans taking over their own state, standing on their own feet, not in thirty years' time but today. That conditions their whole view of partnership. The Africans I talked to wanted to see results from partnership immediately: they wanted an end to colour bars, they wanted a rapid approach to something like adult suffrage, which would mean, of course, an overwhelming African majority of voters. It is at this point in particular that Ghana has its

effect, for the theory of white supremacy is based on the legend that Africans cannot, or cannot yet, govern themselves, though they may participate in a mixed government. Today in Ghana there exists an African Government, and the British Government acknowledges its absolute right to control its own affairs.

All of this, I found, made the Africans contemptuous of the present state of partnership, and very cynical indeed about the intentions of their white government. I was horrified at the bitterness with which they resented their status as second-class citizens, and the social slights imposed on them by various forms of segregation. To them the progress, which was too rapid for some Europeans, did not seem to be progress at all. Their bitter cry was: 'Our Government has partnership on their lips, but *apartheid* in their hearts'. I was often warned that these Africans were not typical of their fellow-men; they were only 'discontented agitators'. But then leaders never are typical of their followers, and I can see no other leaders of the Africans emerging than these 'agitators', who put into words and political action what I suspect so many of their followers silently feel.

Yet in spite of this bitterness I did not find Africans who wished to get rid of the white settlers. They recognised that they were an essential part of the economy of the country, the source of skill and capital in the copper mines, and of science and marketing in the tobacco industry. But the African idea of partnership with the European expects the Europeans quite soon to take their place as a minority, privileged perhaps, in a predominantly African society. And that is exactly what many of the Europeans most fear; what they want to preserve above all is a European type of society, with European



Salisbury, capital of the Central African Federation

J. Allan Cash

standards, into which more and more Africans will gradually rise by accepting the standards of European civilisation.

Are those two concepts of partnership incompatible, and if so is the Federation's experiment doomed and is its doom hastened by the other experiment in Ghana? I do not think the outlook is as dark as that, but I do think that success in partnership will demand the highest qualities of statesmanship in the Federation, from European leaders in the first instance because they have the power at present.

The first necessity as I see it is to recognise that things can never be quite the same after Ghana; the leisurely progress of the past must be speeded up to meet the greatly increased African demands. The difficulty will be to persuade the European electorate of the necessity for this speed. There is always the danger that they will decide that it is simpler to follow the South African course and just make sure of white domination for a generation; after that—well after that, the deluge. The second necessity is to ensure that the tension between the two races, which I found considerable, is reduced by channelling it into politics. Politics, with its system of voting and debating, is a wonderful way of letting off steam which would otherwise burst the boiler. To be specific, what is needed is that the Africans, instead of using the methods of boycott and demonstration, should be taught to use the political methods of voting and arguing. That way, even-

tually, it may be possible to produce a mixed society which satisfies both Europeans and Africans, gives them both the status they want and the feeling that they are masters of their destinies. Something of that sort, I believe, has been achieved in the West Indies.

The essential step towards this end is to produce a really wide federal franchise so that more and more Africans become involved in the political process. When I talked to Sir Robert Tredgold, whose commission has just produced a plan for a wider franchise in Southern Rhodesia, he emphasised that if once Members could get elected to parliament only by appealing to both races, it would cease to be politically prudent to indulge in race hatred, it would become politically necessary to seek the goodwill of both races. That is what his plan for the new franchise is meant to do, to ensure that the African voice is heard in politics as well as the European. But he has felt obliged to hedge these proposals round with so many safeguards to reassure the Europeans that they would not be swamped by African votes, that there is some doubt whether the whole scheme will be acceptable to Africans. We here can only hope that some political compromise is hammered out so that African voters in large numbers will soon be on a Federal common roll. For the time is short, and unless the two races start soon to build their state in partnership they will find that the opportunity and the desire to do so has passed away.

—Home Service

The Intellectuals in China Today

By ELIAS BREDSORFF

THE new government in China took over the intellectuals wholesale from the old society, apart from a very slight minority who were regarded as counter-revolutionaries. One of the slogans of the Government was 'fraternal alliance of workers, peasants, and intellectuals'. Its main problem was to carry through the land reform all over China, and this afforded an excellent opportunity for drawing in the intellectuals and shattering their academic aloofness. Several of them told me how they were invited to join, either as responsible government officials, in order to explain the new policy to the peasants, or as observers, who might in this way be initiated into the true character of the old order and be inspired with enthusiasm for the revolution.

National Movements

The land reform was followed by a succession of national movements, in which the intellectuals played a prominent part. There was the movement for the suppression of counter-revolutionaries, the campaign to resist American aggression and aid Korea, and there were the *san fan* and the *wu fan* movements. The *san fan* movement, 'against the three evils', was directed against corruption, waste, and bureaucracy; the *wu fan* movement, 'against the five evils', that is against bribery, tax evasion, theft of state property, cheating, and the stealing of economic information for private speculation. And, most important of all, there was the 'Movement for the transformation of the mind', which swept China like a gale in 1951. Many Chinese intellectuals told me of the way in which this movement affected them and of the mental process they went through. They all stressed that it was left open to them to join or refuse, but they also admitted that a certain amount of moral pressure was used to influence them. I do know, however, of people who refused to take part, and it does not appear to have damaged their position in any way.

If I should sum up all the evidence I have been able to gather personally, I would say that the 'Movement for the transformation of the mind' might perhaps best be characterised as a kind of evangelistic mass movement under a marxist banner. It has its obvious parallels in the western world, both in the Roman Catholic Church, with its emphasis on the voluntary confession of sins, and in such contemporary movements as the Oxford Group Movement and its successor, Moral Rearmament. The object was that of cleansing oneself of one's dirty past by a more or less public admission of one's own wrong doings, thoughts, and attitude in the past; it meant having it out with oneself, so to say, assisted by others. The newly converted also felt a desire

to clear themselves of their feudal or bourgeois ideas of former days—and I have no doubt that a certain number of opportunists joined in. Yeh Chunchan, a well-known novelist, admitted that this was undoubtedly often the case, but added that if it was opportunism it was at least opportunism for a good cause, not for a bad cause.

The technique was that of criticism and self-criticism; people would criticise themselves, politically, morally, and intellectually, in front of their colleagues, and those who knew them best would offer their help by suggesting points which they might have left out or underestimated. Professor Huang K'un, a young physicist, told me that he came back to China just at the time of this movement, having spent six years in Britain. 'It was an invaluable help to me', he said. 'I was fully convinced of my own unselfishness and true patriotic attitude, but the constructive criticism from others and the encouragement to a profound self-criticism taught me how much cant and hypocrisy there was in me'. Mrs. Yang, an English Oxford graduate who had married a Chinese, and taught in a Chinese university, told me how she had voluntarily joined the movement. 'The process was unpleasant as long as it lasted', she said; 'but I do not regret for a moment that I took part in it. Most people were very helpful and suggested points which made me see my own life in a truer light than I had seen it previously'.

Criticism by University Students

All the intellectuals I spoke to in China assured me—and I have no reason to doubt their sincerity—that their participation in this movement had been a great help to them. They all admitted, too, that it had been a painful operation, especially as most Chinese were brought up with the idea that the worst thing that could happen to one was 'losing face'. Many of them admitted that for a time this mass psychosis got a little out of control, and that unduly painful and unpleasant, or ridiculous situations arose occasionally during the first violent outburst. These were later on regretted; it was considered a mistake, for instance, that students in the universities were invited to criticise their teachers; this caused an unnecessary amount of agony for some of the old professors. Mrs. Yang mentioned, as an example of a ludicrous criticism, how one of her students suggested that it might have been a sign of flippancy in her when she referred to the expression 'the white man's burden' in one of her lectures, with an ironical smile instead of denouncing this imperialist phrase in violent terms.

It is difficult to give an unbiased and objective account of this strange movement because the dangerous aspect of it is so obvious, and because the derogatory term 'brain-washing' is so near at hand. But it is

important to realise that the moral and intellectual aspects were just as important as the political one. Criticism and self-criticism are still being practised in China today, particularly among intellectuals; but it has become much more balanced in recent years. A young Chinese scientist who returned from America last summer asked to be politically re-educated, but was told that he had better take up an academic post at once and not worry about that. 'I'd heard so much of brain-washing, and then no one wanted to brain-wash *me*', he complained.

Today, anyone is free to reject any criticism with which he does not agree. If a work is criticised for not being based on sound marxist ideas, the author may reply that he is not a marxist and that he rejects marxist philosophy. Several distinguished professors in Peking University have done so; one of them, an eminent historian, has criticised marxist philosophy publicly, both orally and in writing, and has sent letters to Mr. Chou En-lai in which he has stated his disagreement—and I was assured that he was respected no less for that reason.

Increase of Freedom—

A number of eminent intellectuals admitted to me that they had watched the victory of the Communist armies in 1949 with a strange mixture of fear and hope. What would be the fate of intellectual freedom under Communism? There seems to me to be no doubt that intellectual freedom was severely restricted in China during the first years of the new regime—and that it still is, compared with, say, English standards. But intellectual freedom in China has increased, not decreased, in recent years. Personally, I was able to see a significant development between my first visit in 1955 and my second a year later. In the meantime, of course, the twentieth Party Congress had taken place in the Soviet Union, and this undoubtedly helped to speed up this development.

In 1955 I had some interviews with Chinese writers, and I found the talks very depressing, because the attitude of these men seemed so narrow-minded and dogmatic. It was the 'reaction of the masses', they told me, which decided whether a book was good or bad. A good author would use his pen to popularise the socialist construction of China and discuss 'the fundamental problems of the people'. The slender beauty of a lovely girl and the fragrance of a lotus flower were 'out', and the production of seamless steel tubes plus the heroism of the model worker were 'in', as literary subjects. In the magazine called *Chinese Literature* I read reviews of books and plays in which the critics used no aesthetic yardstick, but contented themselves with discussing the amount of agreement or non-agreement with marxist ideas. This was the time when the Hu Feng case was on everybody's lips—a Chinese writer and critic who had been arrested as a traitor, 'an enemy of the people', 'a counter-revolutionary beast who had disguised himself in respectable marxist clothes'. Although I tried hard, I found it impossible to penetrate into the Hu Feng story and form a clear idea of it; but it was stubbornly maintained that his arrest had nothing to do with literary freedom of expression, and that he had deliberately attempted to undermine the revolution, having secretly associated with Kuomintang agents. Be this as it may, his arrest at least put a temporary stop to the process of intellectual liberalisation which was then already on its way.

Hu Feng was practically forgotten when I returned to China a year later in 1956—it was even suggested that he might have admitted his own errors and be a free man now—and I found writers and intellectuals much more open-minded and ready to admit having taken a too narrow view in the past. 'We were scared when we found a traitor in our midst', said the author Yeh Chun-chan. 'But I admit that a dogmatic attitude is always wrong. We have had much of that, and we still have it; but we regard it as a childish disease which we must grow out of.'

—for Those who Accept the New Order

Whenever I discussed cultural matters last autumn in China there was one slogan which would invariably come up sooner or later, a quotation from Mao Tse-tung about the hundred flowers unfolding themselves and the hundred birds singing each in their way. It is an adaptation of an old quotation of more than two thousand years ago, when many schools of thought vied with each other for supremacy, and it is usually translated into English as: 'Let flowers of many kinds blossom, let diverse schools of thought contend!' This slogan represents a new and more liberal attitude to the arts and sciences. It is more than a mere phrase, it means freedom for those who accept the new order, but not for

those who oppose it; for the counter-revolutionary there is still a rigid dictatorship. 'By virtue of his calling, an artist *must* be an individualist—even in a socialist society', said Yeh Chun-chan to me. 'There are, of course, still writers', he added, 'who believe that shouting well-intentioned marxist slogans as loud as possible makes good literature; but we try to convince them that they are doing more harm than good, not by forbidding them to shout, but by criticising their error. There must be freedom of expression, both for the dogmatic fanatics and for the reactionary writers, as long as they are not counter-revolutionary. Many of the old authors ceased writing for a period after the Liberation, for they were uncertain of themselves and scared of "losing face" by being criticised. We must encourage them to write again in a way which is natural to them, no matter whether they are Buddhists, Christians, idealists, or Confucianists. Let flowers of many kinds blossom—as long as we distinguish between friend and foe'.

I asked another writer, Hsing Yeh, if anybody wrote pure love lyrics today, and he showed me the latest issue of *Chinese Literature*, which contained some love poetry. It would have been frowned upon a year before. Novels whose characters talk endlessly about increasing the production were now being held up to ridicule. And the most widely discussed and most popular drama of 1956 was a revived old Chinese play called 'Fifteen Strings of Cash', which deals with the problem of the individual's conscience against the summary injustice of high officials. The growing interest among Chinese intellectuals in western literature is another important point.

A Less Rigid Attitude

There is a less rigid attitude in cultural and intellectual matters. A Cambridge economist was invited last summer to criticise marxist theory in Peking University; an old Chinese Professor of Philosophy, Ho Lin, was asked in the autumn to resume the lectures he gave before 1949 on Kant, Hegel, Keynes, and Bertrand Russell; a Communist professor, who had spoken scornfully about Buddhism in one of his lectures, was severely reprimanded for this tactlessness towards his Buddhist students; discussion is now going on about Confucius, whose ideas were previously described as reactionary, and various scholars hold opposite views; the President of the Chinese Academy of Science publicly deplored the one-sidedness with which he and his colleagues had looked towards the Soviet Union. He said: 'Over the past few years we translated and put out 279 titles of scientific works—and 271 of them were books from the Soviet Union. It is high time we cut out the absurd tendency to neglect the academic achievements of other countries'. And in the same article he proposed a new *san fan* movement, directed against 'the three evils' of dogmatism, short-sightedness, and sectarianism. It is also interesting that whereas Russian became the first foreign language in most Chinese schools after 1949, the Government is now making a deliberate effort to reinstate English as the first foreign language.

I talked to Kuo Mo-jo, the President of the Academy of Science, in his old Peking house. He emphasised the importance of a close contact between scientists in China and scientists in the rest of the world; he denied my charge that China seemed to over-emphasise the natural sciences at the expense of the humanities, but admitted that the immediate problem in the transformation of China necessitated the education of vast numbers of scientists and technicians; but this should not put historians, literary scholars, archaeologists, and linguists in a secondary position, he said. When I asked him if the scholar or scientist of 'the ivory tower' was known in China today, he smiled and said: 'In a way we are trying to push the scientists into the ivory tower again, for in recent years all scientists have had to spend far too much of their time on political or administrative work. Now the Government has decided that each scientist must have at least five-sixths of his working hours for research, so that only one-sixth is spent on teaching and administrative duties'.

According to Chinese standards the intellectuals are well paid and need not have any financial worries; they feel that they are genuinely needed in the new society, and even quite young people have been given responsible jobs. Even though intellectual freedom is still limited in China, it has, they feel, been gradually expanded, not restricted, during the last few years.—*Third Programme*

The April number of *History Today* (price 3s.) contains articles on 'Sir Charles Firth, 1857-1936, Historian' by Maurice Ashley; on 'The John Brown Legend' by Arnold Whitridge; and on 'The Russians in Hungary, 1849' by Ian Young.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Royal Visit to Paris

IN the first public speech which he made when he visited Paris in 1903 King Edward VII said:

The days of conflict between the two countries are, I trust,

happily over, and I hope that future historians in alluding to Anglo-French relations in the present century, may be able to record only a friendly rivalry in the field of commercial and industrial developments, and that in the future, as in the past, England and France may be regarded as the champions and pioneers of peaceful progress and civilisation and as the homes of all that is best and noblest in literature, art, and science.

Broadly it can be said that historians today are able to fulfil King Edward VII's wishes. The Entente Cordiale dated from the following year. Since then we have been the consistent allies and friends of the French people and our ties today are as close as they ever were. Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh are assured of an enthusiastic reception during the State visit to Paris next week.

But it is remarkable how the political climate has changed since King Edward VII's reign. Up till then we and the French had often been enemies. The Hundred Years War of the Middle Ages had been followed by a hundred years war in the eighteenth century and though after defeating Napoleon we stood side by side with the French in the Crimean War, there were fierce rivalries in the Colonies and in the Middle East and at the close of the nineteenth century an Anglo-German entente seemed as likely as an Anglo-French one. Up till the time of the Hanoverians our monarchs still assumed among their titles that of King of France: even King Charles II, after his father had lost the throne in England and he himself was crowned under humiliating circumstances at Scone, assumed the title of King of France. This was provocative, to say the least, though it did not prevent him from accepting subsidies from the French monarchy. English patriots long resented the fact that their little island had been conquered and transformed by William of Normandy and the word 'Calais'—last relic of the days of our Continental conquest—is supposed to have been written upon the heart of Mary Tudor. But it was not (except under Cromwell) until 1944 that we again felt the need of owning a bridgehead upon French territory.

Thus it was that when King Edward VII arrived upon his famous State visit of 1903 he was at first coldly received. 'The French don't like us', said one of his suite. 'Why should they?' replied the King. However he won the hearts of the Parisians and in the end could say with sincerity: 'I shall never forget my visit to your charming city'. The French have now planned a delightful programme for their royal visitors. Few will not think wistfully about Paris in the spring, and Her Majesty's subjects may well envy her and her husband being entertained at the Louvre and the Palace of Versailles, at the Opera House in Paris and in night procession along the river Seine. But State visits must be a great strain and pleasures are always tempered by the need for endurance. At least however the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will be warmly welcomed, and the Queen will be mindful of the debt which she, as well as her subjects, owe to her great-grandfather.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Bermuda Conference

THE BERMUDA CONFERENCE and its results provided Soviet and other commentators with their main topic last week. Behind the Iron Curtain, the opinion was expressed that the talks were designed to camouflage a 'United States offensive against British positions', as well as Anglo-American solidarity in 'colonialism' in the Middle East despite their opposing interests. A Moscow radio commentator made this observation:

It is particularly important to note that in the course of the Bermuda Conference the American governing circles decided to remove the camouflage from the Eisenhower Doctrine. Now it is said without beating about the bush that there is no difference between the American and the British doctrines in the colonisers' policy in the Near and Middle East. There is no difference between the colonisers' Baghdad Pact and the colonialist policy expounded in the Eisenhower Doctrine. The U.S.A. is entering the Baghdad Pact. The British colonialist circles will, of course, have to make room for them.

Stressing the submission of Britain to United States policy, another Moscow broadcaster declared that:

For a number of years Britain has been the leading power in the Baghdad Pact and has considered it a tool to bolster her possessions in the Middle East. What is more she has used this bloc to prevent American interest from penetrating into that part of the world. If now the U.S.A. is joining the Pact it can only mean that from now on America will have the upper hand instead of Britain. The Bermuda Conference did bring the positions of the U.S.A. and Britain closer together in a very one-sided way.

A Belgrade home service speaker opined that after allowing for the fact that official *communiqués* always announced agreement:

It really seems that this time the views of the two statesmen have been brought into accord, and this means a great deal towards renewing Anglo-American mutual trust.

Referring to the United States' agreement to join the military committee of the Baghdad Pact, he added that

Trust has been restored, both sides affirm; but . . . the differences which still exist are not inconsiderable.

Damascus radio declared that United States adherence to the military committee had removed all hopes which the peoples of the Middle East had regarding American understanding of their true interests.

Commenting on the arrangement about the American supply of guided missiles to Britain and other allies, an east German broadcaster said that:

Control of the nuclear warheads is to be left exclusively in American hands; friendship does not go quite so far as to give the British control over them. Moreover, it is most precisely arranged that the missiles are to be medium-distance only; the Americans obviously think it better not to sell any missiles that could reach America. For us central Europeans, this means that the American missiles stationed in England would be a far greater danger to us than to the U.S.S.R., whose main centres they could barely reach.

A French point of view was expressed by the left-wing *Franc Tireur*, which was quoted as saying:

The results of the Bermuda Conference show that Britain remains for America the principal friend and ally. But the influence which Britain recently exercised on the U.S.A.—for example, in Far Eastern affairs—has diminished, if not disappeared. Nevertheless the adherence of the U.S.A. to the military committee of the Baghdad Pact is a British success.

There has also been some comment on the release of Archbishop Makarios by the British Government. In America, *The New York Times* was quoted as saying that the decision laid the groundwork for a possible solution to the Cyprus dispute. In Germany, the independent *Suddeutsche Zeitung* stated that the British Government would gain as much approval for the release of the Archbishop as it had received criticism for his exile. Moscow radio described it as 'undoubtedly a victory for Cypriot patriots', and added that the news had been welcomed with great satisfaction by the Soviet public, which

regards the decision of the British authorities as a certain move towards ending the bloodshed on the island for which the last meeting of the plenary session of the United Nations had called.

The same broadcast also declared that 'certain indications, however, are causing anxiety', since it was clear that Britain did not intend to negotiate directly with Archbishop Makarios as demanded by the Cypriots.

Did You Hear That?

GEORGIAN ARCHITECT OF EDINBURGH

THE CENTENARY of the death of William Henry Playfair, an architect of Georgian Edinburgh, occurred last month. COLIN McWILLIAM spoke about him in a talk in the Scottish Home Service.

'Playfair's career', he said, 'began when at the age of twenty-eight he won the competition for finishing the university buildings begun by Adam on South Bridge. His treatment of the quadrangle is rather complicated, but the Upper Library can certainly claim to be Edinburgh's finest public room. After this resounding victory the commissions came thick and fast. There is that prefabricated ruin, the National Monument on the Calton Hill. Thanks to its unfinished state it has the merit of arresting the eye at the far end of Princes Street without quite blocking out the open sky beyond. If this is half accident, his other effects are deliberate and masterly, like the galleries on the Mound with their serried columns drawn up at right angles to the street, cutting the valley in two.'

'I must confess I do not so much like the Hanover Street end of the Royal Scottish Academy building, but few frontages look their best at the bottom of a slope. Perhaps it is no coincidence that Playfair later found a perfect solution to this very problem, when he swallowed up St. Vincent Street in the dark, gigantic doorway of St. Stephen's Church while the tower tops the horizon overhead. By these and other feats of design he and his contemporaries turned the difficulties of an extraordinary site into dramatic architectural victories.'

'Although Playfair probably exercised a greater influence than any of his colleagues, the finest individual building is surely Thomas Hamilton's Royal High School. Hamilton did not just design in Greek, he thought and lived Greek, for that is the only way he could have succeeded in reconciling the noble simplicity of the style with such complicated treatment as ancient Greece had never dreamed of.'

'Just as perfect in a more limited way, my own favourite building of Playfair's is the Surgeons' Hall in Nicholson Street. With its splendid Ionic portico planted on the same wall which cuts off the man in the street from the professional mysteries inside, it succeeds in



Among William Henry Playfair's best-known buildings in Edinburgh are St. Stephen's Church (1826)—

being very public and very private at the same time. As for the homes which were considered fit for modern Athenians to live in, one cannot help wondering whether architectural fashion was here carried a bit too far. Many of them are too inhumanly grand for comfort, and one longs for a little common cosiness. It would be pleasant to think that Playfair designed Regent Terrace with tongue in cheek. Let me end with the only human remark I can find by this great designer: "some of the late imitations of the Norman style almost make me sick".

ENGLISH INVADES THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

'A short time ago', said THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris Correspondent, in a lecture in Paris on the theme "Beware of Anglicisms", a distinguished French translator, M. Christian Holter, bitterly complained about the mass adoption of English words by his fellow countrymen in recent years. His complaint was not based upon a jingoistic refusal to accept words from outside, but rather it was based upon one of two grounds: that a perfectly good word for its purpose exists already in the French tongue, or, worse still, that the adopted English word is misleading. In some cases, the adopted word is not only unnecessary, it is also misleading. For example, the word "realise" in English can have two meanings: to perceive or to convert property into money. The French have the same word but it has only the second meaning. Recently, however, some people over here have begun to use it for both senses of the word and, not unnaturally, the purists are up in arms.'

'It is true that, to live, a language must be on the move, so to speak; our own, of course, is extremely mixed in its origins and the borrowing process still goes on, often to our advantage. What an expressive word the import from America "highbrow" is, saying so much in so little. Again, until not so many years ago, one had to ask a whole string of questions to get full information about a person. Now you simply ask "What is his background?" That, too, was American usage.'

'But to get back to British infiltration of the French tongue, let me say that, for many years, practically every form of sport, and even exercise, had a vocabulary borrowed from the British, simply because the subjects themselves were borrowed from the British: "outsider" in racing, "knock-out" in boxing and so on, down even to "footing" for an ordinary stroll. Some of the pronunciations, needless to say, sound weird to our ears, but the words are there.'



—and the Surgeons' Hall (1829)

Scottish National Buildings Record

'It is above all since the war that the process of absorption has speeded up. Twenty years ago, the French for "stop" was "*arrêtez*"; now even road signs here say "stop" and the verb "stopper" is used, too, in that sense, even though it originally meant stopping up a gap and that only. The word "black-out" has also been firmly adopted both in a literal sense and as meaning the official holding up of information. And now two other English words are creeping in. One of these is "suspense"; it is becoming the current jargon word for an exciting novel, film, or play which keeps one anxious and guessing. The French have exactly the same word without an "e" at the end, but it is not used in the thrilling sense, simply of something suspended or unfinished. In earlier days, both countries sometimes adopted words for which they had no exact equivalent in their own language. But, before there are any British sneers about the fact that the French use "fair play" for that reason, let us remember that we use "*esprit de corps*" for the same reason too. If the poor French have no word for home, let us reflect that they saw fit to borrow the word "pickpocket" as well.

'The word "gadget" has just crashed the Gallic sound barrier in a determined manner. Only a few days ago, I was reading an account of the Paris Household Exhibition when suddenly out of the page leapt the heading: "Gadgets de cuisine", kitchen gadgets. After that anything may happen and I shudder to think what the state of the French language will be after the state visit of Her Majesty the Queen'.

JIMMY THE DONKEY

'So far as I can remember', said WILL CLEMENCE in 'The Northcountryman', 'our comic band was at its best just after the first world war. A comic band—and there were hundreds of them at that time in the north—was a combined caricature of a brass band, a set of folk dancers, and a party of mummers. These ensembles had no set tradition, no cramping routine, nor in fact, any need for a knowledge of music. Everything was free and easy.

'If the sound produced by tissue-paper over a comb is supposed to be music—then that is what they played. Only in their case they achieved the notes by a similar set-up attached to the mouth-piece of a nightmarish instrument that could vary in shape from the modest cornet to a complicated stove-pipe thing that Sousa could never have imagined. Moreover, as all the instruments had to be produced at cut-price level by the local tinsmith, none of them boasted the sweeping bends normally found in a wind instrument.

'There would be as many as twenty-five to thirty in a comic band, which meant also twenty-five to thirty different-coloured uniforms. Although each band had a conductor whose knowledge of tonic sol-fa just about equalled his aptitude for Greek mythology, nobody regarded him as the central figure. That point of eminence was reserved for the donkey-man, a weirdly garbed figure that rode ahead on a be-skirted hobby-horse—usually constructed from a pair of washboards, or, as we then called them—rubbing-boards. When the band marched, the donkey danced and cavorted in front, dashing madly at spectators and belabouring the unlucky ones with an inflated sheep's bladder attached to a short stick.

'Here I must lay claim to the generally accepted fact that Jimmy was the best donkey in the business. Jimmy's antics could make a Derby favourite look like a milkman's horse. When Jimmy jumped, everybody jumped. He was a great trouper. At local carnivals, held in the height of summer, the bands met in competition and, I regret to say, often in combat. But whichever it was, Jimmy Commons was never the one to let his side down.

'As with their formal contemporaries, these contests featured a "test

piece". Our own band's speciality was "The Death of Nelson", and brother, did he take some killing! Yet, despite regular Thursday rehearsals, followed by sessions and discussions at the pub next door, our band never brought home the senior trophy. You could not blame the conductor, not when it had been alleged that when he had announced that the next number would be "Rule Britannia", one player was heard to mutter, "Nay, Ah've just played that".

A CANADIAN ICE-BREAKER

The Canadian ice-breaker, H.M.C.S. *Labrador*, recently arrived at Portsmouth. She is normally used for supplying lonely outposts in the Canadian Arctic or for clearing paths for ships that service new radar stations along Canada's Arctic shore. She is the largest vessel ever to be built in Canada for the Royal Canadian Navy. KEITH HAMILTON PRICE visited the ship and gave his impressions in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The first impression', he said, 'which struck me as the *Labrador* steamed slowly towards her berth was her unusual shape, like a sturdy, oblate bowl ploughing through the water. She is not a large ship—6,500 tons—but with her white hull, squat yellow-and-black funnel,

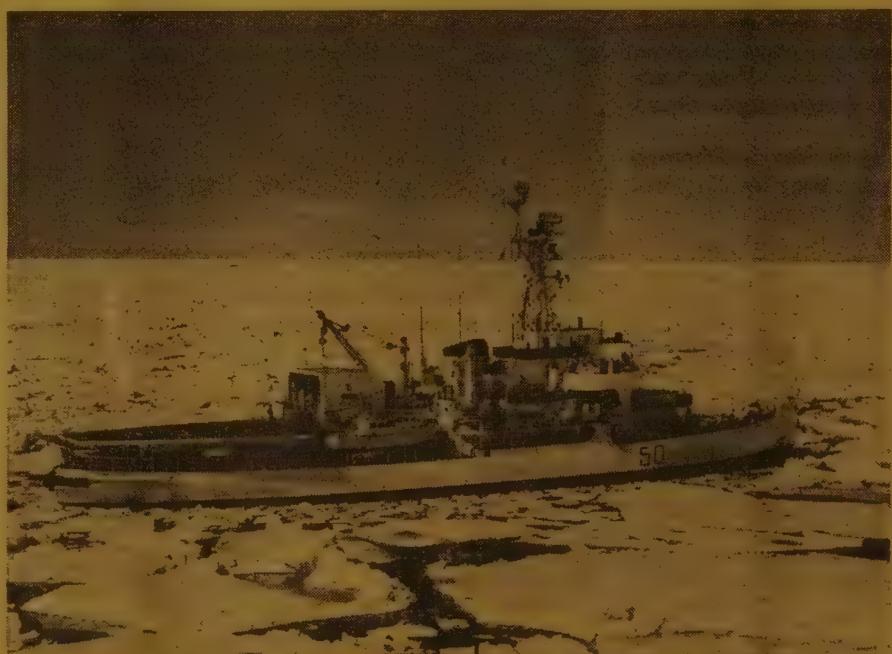
and the massive super-structure of her bridge and radar mast, she gives an instant impression of incredible power. When I went on board I discovered that power is exactly what she has got. Every seam of her inch and five-eighths high-tensile steel-plating was X-rayed during her building in Canada to make sure that the welds were perfect. Her six diesel electric engines developing 10,000 horse-power enabled her specially designed bow, which gives her that bowl-like appearance, to ride up on to the ice and, with the force of engines and weight of ship combined, crush and crack the stubborn Arctic ice.

'There are many unusual features about the *Labrador*. She is fitted with stabilisers which are so effective that they can damp a roll of thirty degrees down to between five

and ten degrees. And her thirty-foot draught and her egg-like proportions allow her to manoeuvre with surprising ease. In addition there is another research ship within the research ship: the *Labrador II*, called *Pogo*, a miniature survey vessel equipped with gyro, radar, and echo-sounder exactly like her parent ship. There are also two other large powered cutters. But the eyes of the *Labrador* are her helicopters and she carries three of them. I was told that without them the exhaustive Arctic survey would have been impossible, for these helicopters spot the leads through the ice ahead of the ship, preventing her from getting trapped in a dead end.

'The oddest feature I saw was the landing-mark on the flight-deck aft, a painting of the weirdest of creatures—an enormous black-nosed, pot-bellied polar bear with wings. They call it the Buzzbear, a benevolent spirit who gets to hear the latest 'gen' before anyone else; so, I was told, if a load of tropical sun-helmets is brought on board, the Buzzbear knows that the *Labrador* is being sent to break up ice in Equatorial Africa. At the moment, for a change, the Buzzbear's information is correct. In a month's time H.M.C.S. *Labrador* is scheduled to return to the ice-ridden waters of the Canadian Arctic, exploring leads through the pack-ice of the polar ice-cap in the hopes of finding one which will enable her to approach nearer to the North Pole than any other ship has done so far'.

It has been pointed out to us by readers that the leaf used as a drug by the Habundigwa Indians, described by Dr. Alan Cunningham in a talk printed on page 505 last week, should have been spelt 'coca' and not 'cocoa'.



The Canadian ice-breaker *Labrador* moving through pack-ice. Aboard her can be seen the thirty-six-foot miniature survey vessel *Pogo*

The New Man—II

Man's Coming of Age

The second of four talks for Lent by RONALD GREGOR SMITH

IN my first talk* I ended by defining Christianity as 'faith in a revealed existence in history, that is, faith in Christ'. I now go on to define modern man. There is a remarkable ambiguity in the picture I see. Indeed, it is almost two pictures, of two different faces. On the one hand I see self-sufficiency, independence, and a general indifference to old-style religious ideas and symbols. On the other hand I see insufficiency, loneliness, and longing for meaning. I want to try to fill out these two pictures.

The first picture is about man in general, the world he lives in, and the society which conditions him. Man is set in a world in which he knows he must work out his own salvation. That is to say, it is one world, with its own problems and possibilities which cannot be interfered with from outside. In fact, modern man does not recognise that there is anything outside it. It is a self-reliant, manifold and rich world. It is the world of the independent reason and of the sciences. Its terrific vitality flows from man's own immense curiosity and enterprise. It is the world of Renaissance man. It is upheld and controlled by man's own efforts and devices. If anything goes wrong, it is no more than a lack of knowledge, some special ignorance, which needs to be put right, and the picture, which for a moment trembled and dissolved, is once again clear and composed. This is the picture of man who has come of age, who is no longer frightened of the dark and the unknown. But he stands in confidence before the world, which he knows he has a right to explore and exploit.

Picture with a Blank

In this first picture there is a certain lack. There is a blank at the point where the old forms of religious thought and practice used to be. It is too much to say that modern man is distrustful of religion. If you ask him, he is on the whole polite about it, but he just does not see the point. This comes out in two different ways. First, in his one complete world he sees no room for heaven. Heaven has collapsed, for the whole idea of an invisible world with an absolute claim upon man has been crowded out: and with this collapse man jumps to the conclusion that God, too, has disappeared. He now has nowhere to live. At best he is a vagabond without a fixed address or occupation. Second, man no longer sees any point in private piety—in prayer and the whole range of religious practices. This is not really surprising: for if you lose the object of your prayer, that is to say, the presence of God as the eternal Subject, then all the individual practices lose their meaning too.

So in this first picture you have the strange sequence of man beginning with a passionate interest in himself, his own freedom and powers, and ending with a world without images, a cold, clear unemotional world, in which the destiny of the individual man is swallowed up and lost. You can even say that beginning with man himself and his own powers man has now reached the point where he leaves himself out of the picture. He has given himself up, and within the framework of this modern world he no longer tries to understand himself as an individual. Man has come of age. He handles his world with assurance. But has he realised his whole inheritance? He has inherited everything but he has lost his home. He is homeless in the universe.

The other half of the picture, or the other picture, shows a remarkable divergence from the first. You might expect that modern man, who has such immense successes to his credit in opening up his world, would calmly recognise that he is the captain of his soul and the master of his fate. You might expect him to cultivate his garden in peace, to play his part in the great world and to relinquish his part, when the time comes, with only a little sigh for its transience. But it is not like that at all. On the contrary, individual modern man is distressed and perplexed. He feels his helplessness in the great world and he fears his helplessness in his private inner world. I do not mean only the perfectly rational fear which we all have when we dare to imagine the horror of an atomic war, let us say: but something less easily explained. I mean a kind of anxiety, even anguish, which sweeps through a man's being and clutches him suddenly, in the waking hour when he thought he was still safe in sleep, or at a moment when he

thought the ground was firm under his feet and suddenly he hangs over

Cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there.

This is a world-sorrow, concentrated in individual dread, a dizziness of the soul, a recurring shock of meaninglessness.

What happens to a man in such a situation? He cannot conceive of any other world but this. He distrusts the emotions of piety. He sees no reality behind the appearances of religious practice. He is alone.

But he does not go through his loneliness. He turns his back upon it, upon himself you might say, upon the possibility of newness. What else can he do? All that can help is some ultimate help, but he cannot find it in private or public religious forms. At best he is silent, and returns to his garden. At worst he attaches himself to a sub-religion. For instance, he loses himself in the crowd, either in a political party with some vague utopia, or in some form of mass entertainment. Or he panders to his desire for individual importance, without going through the solitude and the anguish, and so he gets interested in some other opiate for the people, astrology, or spiritualism, or some other kind of private dabbling in false mysteries. There are great differences between spiritualism and astrology: but they agree in one thing at least—they both seem to take an interest in the individual, but astrology depends upon an idea of fate which stifles man's personal freedom, and spiritualism, though it wants to make man free, does not ask him to go through the real personal way, the strait gate. None of these things offers a real way through for him. None of them takes account of his dread, or his loneliness. They smother his individuality and smooth everything out in a new kind of impersonal world.

Impersonal—and dishonest: In this picture of man the face of man has in fact been scrubbed out. He no longer has a face, he has only a semblance of being. Such a man has neither freedom nor destiny. But he is in bondage to fate. By destiny I mean something you choose for yourself, and you bear the consequences. By fate I mean an impersonal power masquerading as the absolute and forcing you to accept its ruling. He is a faceless number. All he can acquire is a fictitious life with fictitious emotions. The place he is given in this kind of world is allotted to him not by destiny but by fate. He is part of a marching crowd, a collective, not a community. That is to say, he is not bound with his fellow men in a real interchange, but he and they together form an impersonal collection of individuals in which the individuals do not really count as human beings at all. Or he is lost in the cul-de-sac of his own emotions. Guilt can oppress him and stifle his actions, but it is a fruitless guilt for he has nowhere to move, nowhere to turn. There is nothing outside him to which he can cling.

Long-term Prospects

Have I painted this picture too dark? Is the liberation of man from false superstitions and misdirected ambitions truly such a fiasco? Must we not be patient, and look to a time when education and the continued humility of men may produce a balanced and healthy society in which even we can play our part with care and delight? After all, what I have called man's coming of age is a recent thing in the long and painful story of man's civilised state. You can even say that man has only just learned to stand on his own feet, and you cannot expect him to run for a long time yet.

Certainly this is so: and I am thinking not in terms of just a few generations but of the long-term prospects. I do not think we should be either unduly perturbed by failures or unduly jubilant about successes on any short view. I mean, for instance, that the kind of reality I am trying to look at is not affected in its truth by whether more people are going to church now than ten years ago, or whether more people are ending up in mental homes than ever before. The point of all I am saying here is that modern man has both immense independence and frightening insecurity. He cannot go back. He cannot find any refuge for himself in a scheme of living which leaves out his new independence. He must go forward. But this going forward—what does

it consist of? Of building bigger and better machines—airplanes, say—to go faster to other places? What does he do when he gets there? Or is it enough to think only of an ideal society, or a better society? Or to hope you may live long enough to land on the moon, or to drop in on the planets?

The going forward that I mean is a way through man's own individual understanding of himself. The two halves of the picture I have described must come together. Independent, free, upstanding man on the one hand; and cowering, frightened individuals, escaping from themselves, on the other hand, must be combined in one harmonious picture, in a new man with one face, not two. A man must be able, without fear, to ask the question: What am I living for? What is the meaning of it all? And he must be able to answer it without falling

into a new bondage. The new man is a free man. He is not the plaything of fate. But he can become free only by accepting his destiny. The way through for him is somehow to combine the two halves of the picture: the picture of the mature man and the picture of that forgotten man who in fact is the very source of maturity.

Not by going back; not by relapsing into the old framework, the disintegrated symbols of heaven and the old earth which was the centre of the universe: but by going forward, through the loneliness, and the question about yourself, through the uneasiness and the dread. There is a way through. But it is a break-through, and it needs all the endurance that is available to man. It is the break-through which a real Christian understanding of this world offers through faith in a God who is present.—*Home Service*

Dangers of 'a Practical Education'

WAYNE C. BOOTH replies to J. P. Corbett's talk 'The Future of the Humanities'*

AS an American I was not especially surprised by the ideas expressed in Mr. J. P. Corbett's talk, 'The Future of the Humanities'. One grows accustomed in America to attacks on the arts in the name of service to the high demands of modern life and modern society. But I was rather surprised to discover a teacher of philosophy at Oxford presenting with so much fervour, and with such an air of novelty, ideas which have been debated in America for at least fifty years. Our educational practice has far too often been based on the major assumptions contained in his talk, and the price, many of us are now convinced, has been too high.

If, as Mr. Corbett says, there is a real danger that teachers of the arts will 'go on thinking and teaching as before to a dwindling minority of students', denying 'the majority any contact with the substance of our tradition' and 'washing their hands of the problems of the world', then he is right to be alarmed. Every experience in America confirms his prediction of a great influx of a new type of scientific undergraduate, and one can only applaud his anxiety lest these students be deprived of education in the arts for lack of the necessary changes.

Useful for What?

But the particular form of his plea for a more relevant education seems to me dangerous. Fruitful talk about making education more practical or useful can begin only when we are willing to pursue with rigour the question: 'Useful for what?' Mr. Corbett fails to ask this question clearly. Unlike the old education, the new should, he says, be 'geared' to the 'working' of our 'scientific civilisation'. It should 'mean something' in 'the new kind of social situation and to the new kind of student, which are being brought into existence by economic forces beyond our control'. It will 'deal with questions which concern the rising generation'—questions like that of how 'our scientific economy is to employ its resources of research and investment to make itself yet stronger still'. It will make the students, most of whom will be scientists regardless of what we do, 'understand the social context of their work'. And, finally, it will pass that supreme test of practicality in education, it will be something 'that the students really want to learn'; it will 'interest' them as the education now in effect presumably does not. The new education, in short, unlike the old which was merely 'spinning in a void', will be suited to 'stand up against what is coming at it through the economic system from New York, Moscow and Peking'. By educating for citizenship, as American educators have long been fond of putting it, it will serve the practical needs of society rather than the irresponsible interests of an *élite*.

One need not be against good citizens (or in favour of an irresponsible *élite*) to suggest an alternative criterion of practical education. If instead of asking with Mr. Corbett, 'What kind of education will meet a particular country's economic and social needs in the twentieth century?' we ask: 'What kind of education will produce men whose lives are worth living?' much of what he says begins to look impractical indeed. 'The adult life of our young people', he tells us, 'will be concerned not primarily with books, and with the past, but with the working of our immensely powerful and complicated scientific economy in the present'.

But surely we are not forced, as this implies, to produce either useless pedants on the one hand or personally blank social servants on the other. There is a third alternative—if we believe that education, as distinct from training, is justified by the quality of life lived by the person educated, and if we believe that 'service to science and industry' or to 'society' is meaningless unless it springs from and leads back to the well-being of persons in that society who are the ends for which it exists.

It is, I think, significant that Mr. Corbett never mentions any one of the problems which every human being, in any age, must face on his own, simply as a man and not as something useful or perhaps dangerous to a particular culture. For example, in dismissing languages and literature from the formal education of his scientist-kings who are, as he says, 'in due course' going to 'wield the vast power of modern society', he makes it clear that how they spend their leisure-time—what he significantly calls their 'spare' time—is of no educational relevance. 'Languages and literature', he says, 'will then return to what they should be, the spare-time occupation of those who prefer them to music, painting, crafts . . . or indolence'.

But his impracticality goes much deeper than merely ignoring what his graduates are to do with their evenings and weekends. He totally overlooks such matters as happiness or the good life, those embarrassing and outworn concerns of the past. Whether a man is blind to beauty, even whether he can take pleasure in learning the scientific truth about things for its own sake, is of as little consequence in his educational programme as whether a man beats his wife. Of the traditional Platonic triad, truth, goodness, and beauty, he is really interested, if his talk is any guide, only in the good. And the good he seeks is not that essential justice or wholeness of soul which in Plato, and in different forms in most other philosophers, constitutes the end of political society; the good he seeks is serviceability to society, with little or no regard for whether a particular society and its practical demands justify themselves in turn by their service to the individual.

One could illustrate the dangers of such principles when carried out consistently by looking at education in any totalitarian state. But the experience of Americans in our effort to develop what we often call education for citizenship in a democracy may come somewhat nearer the dangers which Mr. Corbett's argument, if taken seriously, might have for England.

Disastrous Reforms

As we look back on the half century since John Dewey began his work of transforming American education, we cannot help seeing that more often than not reforms in the name of the new society and its needs have been disastrous. Almost everyone in America seems to recognise this these days; attacks on Dewey and progressive education are frequent and often extremely unfair. It is true that Dewey attacked the older education as impractical, since it ignored the needs of modern men and seemed intent merely on cramming an inert mass of culture into the heads of men to whose actual lives that culture was irrelevant. So far his attack resembled Mr. Corbett's closely, and in a sense he

helped to open the floodgates to all the evils of superficiality, diffuseness, and waste that have plagued some areas of our education ever since. But in his insistence that graduates be able to *do* something with their education rather than merely possess it, Dewey was always aware that the practical test of what they could do could never be reduced completely to social utility. Indeed, his warnings against the wrong kind of practical service to democracy were frequent, and they became very forceful as he saw some of the things done in his name. One of the best answers to Mr. Corbett can be found in the little book, *Experience in Education*, published in 1938, in which Dewey excoriates his ostensible followers for their failure to keep what he calls 'the quality of human experience' at the heart of any educational reform.

Intense Specialisation

But Dewey's followers have not always worried about the many careful qualifications surrounding his fight for an education 'morally responsible to society'. Using a reduction of his pragmatism very similar to Mr. Corbett's, some college administrators have, for example, found themselves able to justify almost any stupidity in the name of practical education. Using the dual criterion of society's needs and the student's immediate interests, many colleges dropped the old requirements in the arts. In their place came intense specialisation, supplemented with highly practical and broadening courses in subjects like writing for magazines, band conducting, journalism, business administration, automobile mechanics, and even janitorial science and mortuary science—all claiming to serve the true ends of society: after all, every community needs janitors and undertakers, and it is not at all clear that janitors and undertakers need training in the humanities. To combat this chaos, almost every college has by now been forced to restore some kind of 'required programme' in 'general education' taking usually about one-half of the student's time in college. I assume that Mr. Corbett would approve of this return to sanity, but I see nothing in his arguments to suggest why these courses, though quite defensible as practical training, were appalling as substitutes for literature, history, philosophy, and languages.

On the secondary level the result of taking arguments like Mr. Corbett's seriously was perhaps even more disastrous. Though there is again reason to believe that the trend has long since been reversed, and though it probably never covered as many institutions as is frequently believed, one still encounters speeches like that of the superintendent of city schools who argued not long ago that it is as big a mistake to try to teach reading and writing to every child as it would be to try to teach violin playing to every child—since the new social situation is producing many students who will never need to deal with either books or violins.

Mr. Corbett would not, of course, do away with reading and writing; they are clearly of use to the scientist. But he would drop, for example, advanced study in languages and literature, except—as he says—for 'small schools for future scholars'. Though he is somewhat easier on economics, history and philosophy, the limited dosages he will permit of these are determined not by any standard of what it is worth a man's while to learn or of what a full intellectual experience of life would require. But to me the most significant of his reforms is that of his own subject, philosophy. The new teacher of philosophy, whose training would have to be 'mainly scientific, not mainly historical and literary', would not have time, he tells us, to lead his busy scientist-kings to 'a close study of the forms . . . philosophical problems have taken in the past'. Rather he would need to learn how to 'put over convincingly the substance of moral and political problems', in the fraction of the student's time left over after more important things have been taken care of.

The Need to Hurry

We American educators can often be found hurriedly putting over the substance of something or other—though perhaps not quite as often as our English colleagues would like to believe. We have been placed in the position of needing to hurry, and consequently of needing to cut away all so-called deadwood, by the 'social forces' of which Mr. Corbett has suddenly become aware. With something of his anxiety to cut down to essentials, though seldom with quite so much exhilaration in wielding the knife, we have often made nonsense of our own efforts to stop producing the 'ignoramus with a Bachelor of Arts degree'. Our efforts to teach philosophy efficiently, for example, are often quite

touching. One mid-western professor discovered that he could teach the names and beliefs of the pre-Socratics by using a motion picture of flowing water whenever Thales was mentioned, of bouncing balls for Democritus, of billowing clouds for the Heraclitian flux, and so on. He thought, no doubt, that he was putting over the substance of philosophical problems, forgetting that if this was philosophy a Pavlov could easily teach philosophy to dogs.

Aware that every educated man ought to know something about philosophy, well-meaning teachers have designed survey courses which do not require the hurried scientist to read painfully through the outmoded 'forms which philosophical problems have taken in the past'. Sometimes such courses have given a historical survey of the opinions of the great philosophers, together with as many of the major arguments as could be crowded in. Other courses have presented a hasty sequence of philosophical problems, divorced from any mention of philosophers and tricked out in contemporary dress: 'Free will and the Indeterminacy Principle'; 'Are groups as real as individuals?'; 'Science v. religion', and so on. My impression of such courses is that while they may teach some students that playing with ideas can be fun, they seldom if ever lead anyone to think philosophically, to understand what is involved in the definition and solution of intellectual problems. Indeed, I know of no courses which really teach students to solve philosophical problems except those which give them intensive and prolonged experience with the attempts of real philosophers to solve real problems.

There are, I believe, more and more such courses in America, but they are never instituted by teachers who see the history of philosophy as nothing more than a series of hesitating blunders towards the full intellectual glories of the scientific age. Whether they are really practical, whether they really serve society, depends, as I have been suggesting all along, on one's definition of practical. But our experience has shown that anything short of the time and effort required for them inevitably leads the serious, able students to believe that philosophy is merely window-dressing. If all they get from their philosophy courses is the teacher's opinions about the 'substance' of 'philosophical problems', with no experience of the principles and methods which alone make past problems and their solutions meaningful today, they will certainly find their work in science much more solid fare.

Training Graduates Who Can Think for Themselves

If what we want, then, is graduates who can think and act for themselves, graduates who can choose between truth and falsehood, wisdom and folly, beauty and ugliness, and thus constitute, by their very nature, a good society, Mr. Corbett's proposals are far from practical—whatever the merits of his attack on the present state of things in Oxford.

To ask, as I am asking, that educational reform be carried out in the light of a clear idea of what human life is for, rather than of what society needs, certainly does not solve all of our problems. The old disputes about what man is will always be reflected in our discussions of what graduates should be. Each man trusts his own form of practicality; there will never be an end of the battle among advocates of doing, thinking, feeling, and making as the proper ends of man. We can be certain, what is more, that having shoved Mr. Corbett out of the back door he will inevitably re-enter at the front: after all, no one, regardless of his philosophy, wants graduates who are harmful to their society. But by shifting our emphasis I think we put ourselves in a position to arrive at fruitful compromise among various philosophies of man's nature. Once we have abandoned the pre-judgement that man is no more than his social function, we can construct an educational programme that will do some justice not only to economic and social action, but to other kinds of 'doing' as well—to thinking and knowing, to making and discriminating, to loving and communing—in short, to all the complex choices which men must make, whether they are conscious of them or not. The great philosophers, including the great utilitarians and pragmatists like Mill and Dewey, have ultimately encompassed something like this large view of man and his choices in their educational philosophy.

It does seem probable that England will need to educate far more scientists than she is now educating, and these scientists should certainly be given an education in the arts that will equip them to live in the modern world. This may mean that great changes in the arts are needed. But it hardly means that there need be fewer arts graduates; there is no real reason why England need go on indefinitely with one of the smallest university populations in the world. And it does not

mean that literature and languages must be ignored and philosophy made into icing for the cake—and synthetic icing at that. If American experience is any guide—and I am ready to admit the danger of applying it too directly to another country—attempts to provide a practical education for a scientific, democratic age might very well produce something even less desirable than the present seeming irrelevance and irresponsibility, bad as in some ways these may be.

When we have succeeded in America—and it would be a mistake to think that my examples of failure in any way do justice to American education as a whole—we have done so only by working in the light of a clear idea of what education is for. Unless English educators do the same, they may find themselves in twenty years or so trying to rectify many of the errors we have already committed—for their edification, as it were, and in the name of practicality.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Style and Vision in Art

ERIC NEWTON, in the third of five talks, discusses Classicism

WE have now arrived at the point where we can look for the personality of the artist behind the façade of his period. It is not an easy thing to do, for the age in which an artist lives, like the costume a man wears, disguises him. Clothes form an important part of our impression of the man who wears them. He has chosen them: if they fit him they contribute to the effect of his personality, marking him out as a dandy or a bohemian, a conformist or a rebel. Or if they do not fit him they still contribute to our opinion of him.

There have been artists who refused to wear period fashions, or who wore them uncomfortably. Poussin was a Classic personality wearing baroque clothing. Correggio, born in the sixteenth century, seems to anticipate the eighteenth. The brothers Le Nain, born in the seventeenth but out of sympathy with its pomp and rhetoric, painted simple, unassuming pictures that look surprisingly out of place—or rather, out of time—in the age of Rubens. Such men are rare and their evidence, in an enquiry into style, is too confusing to be of any value.

But if period style corresponds to the clothing worn by an artist, as soon as we begin examining his temperamental style we must ignore his clothing and watch his gestures and listen to his tone of voice. I propose here to listen to the voices and watch the gestures of the first of my three temperamental families—the Classic family. We must be prepared to meet members of the family in any century in which Classicism can manage to breathe and flourish. How are we to recognise them? We know them when we meet them in real life. Quiet, deliberate, dignified men, they ponder and brood before they act. They see their world as something imperfect but also as something that is always aiming at a perfection which they themselves undertake to find. Having found it, they present it to us rather solemnly. What they do may not be superficially exciting and it is never rapturous, but it could not be improved. It aims at an ideal: the Classic artist always seems to say: 'This is the world as it would be if I could redesign it'.

The Classic programme sounds, perhaps, a little chilly: and in the hands of mediocrities, men content with a smooth and easy perfection, it can be a bore. Yet, given the right climate in which to flourish, it has produced not only the noblest works we know—that would be natural, for the Classic artist boasts that he aims at nobility—but the profoundest, the most consistently satisfying, which is rather different. 'Given the right climate' is important. Classic art, in painting, sculpture, and architecture, can flourish only in its purest and most impres-

sive form at favourable moments. It is a hot-house plant; and like all carefully tended plants it has its brief flawless moment between the opening of the bud and the falling of the petals.

Romanticism is different, more robust and more adaptable. To the Romantic, both the bud and the faded flower have their own poignant characters—the promise of spring, the melancholy of autumn—neither of which holds any appeal to the purely Classic temperament. In fact, if one wishes to define the objectives of the two temperaments one could

say that Romanticism is concerned with character, Classicism with beauty; and whereas character can be found almost anywhere, beauty is shy, loses her preciousness if interfered with.

Perhaps that particular difference can be most easily seen in architecture; if, for example, you compare a Greek temple with a Medieval cathedral. To appreciate the full difference it should be the undamaged temple, for most Greek temples as we know them today have the Romantic overtones that belong to ruins. The unspoiled beauty of proportion on which the temple depends has been interfered with and replaced by the character of decay. It is a mark of our own Romanticism that we rather like these effects of the defacing hand of time.

No contemporary Greek, we can be sure, would have tolerated the Parthenon as it is today. Its form had been arrived at by a combination of acute visual sensitivity and the

conviction that the eye's satisfaction could be served by mathematics. I myself (and this again is a proof of my own Romanticism) cannot be interested in the mathematical formulae that account for its beauty. They exist; they have been published; but what matters is that the columns could not be raised or lowered by six inches, or the building lengthened or shortened by a single interval, without destroying the serene perfection of proportion which is its chief virtue. Whereas Rouen Cathedral, for example, depends on no such hair-raising perfection. Arches can rocket upwards another two or three feet, pinnacles and towers can be—and often were—added; the skyline could change its emphasis (though not its restlessness) and its romantic essence would still remain unchanged.

But to return to the fine arts—painting and sculpture. The same pursuit of perfection that characterises the Greek temple is equally characteristic of Greek sculpture. It matters little that in architecture the Greek objective was mathematical perfection and in sculpture physical beauty. Physical beauty could, so the Greeks thought, be reduced to something very near to mathematical perfection. During the fifth century B.C. that perfection was achieved in a hundred statues



Detail from 'Parnassus', by Raphael (1483-1520): in the Palace of the Vatican, Rome

that have come down to us in Roman copies. It is significant that it was considered possible to express that mathematical perfection in a canon of human proportions that could be stated in feet and inches. You may have noticed the contemporary habit of expressing the beauty of film-stars by mystical formulae like 38—24—36.

Obviously such a theory could be useful only to the artist who aimed at a beautiful type rather than an interesting character. The Greek theorists in their conscious pursuit of idealised beauty found themselves in a dilemma—the dilemma that awaits all classical art. A beautiful statue was a 'copy', so they would have phrased it, of a beautiful human body. It was only when emotion was involved that the dilemma became serious. Suppose an 'ugly' subject were undertaken by the artist—for example, Medea slaying her children—what happened to 'beauty' then? How could grief or anger be turned into beauty?

Today we easily see the fallacy in the Greek confusion between beauty in nature and beauty in art: but we also know that Golden Age Greek sculpture, in paying homage to physical perfection, set a standard of physical beauty to the whole of Europe which we all unconsciously or consciously acknowledge today. It is serene, untroubled, and noble. We can justifiably call it inexpressive, and if one compares the Parthenon 'Theseus' with Michelangelo's 'Night' one can see how the Italian sculptor has carved a figure whose body is agitated by a restless soul, whereas the Theseus manifestly has no soul at all. Yet Michelangelo owes his basic conception of physical man and woman to the standard created by the Greeks.

Michelangelo, however, can never be thought of as a temperamental Classic. If we are to choose the greatest and the most typical of Classic painters, we have no option but to name Raphael. The detail from his 'Parnassus' which is reproduced here shows him at the peak of his powers. There had been earlier Classic artists—Piero della Francesca, for example—and there were to be many revivals of Classicism in later ages, but Raphael, partly by virtue of his temperament but mainly because he had the luck to be born at precisely the right moment in time, when the tide was flowing in his direction, was able to produce, during a period of about six years—between 1508 and 1513—what one must call the central pictures of the central style of all European painting. So many vital factors intersect to form Raphael's style in those six years that one trembles to think how near we were to having no Raphael at all. Before 1508 his art was in bud, by 1514 the petals were falling. Born even five years earlier he would have matured too soon to do what he did. Five years later he would have missed the moment when his kind of perfection was possible. Born into the Gothic world, his genius would have been starved by medieval spirituality. Born at almost any other later period it would have been overblown with the worldliness that was, in fact, beginning to ruin him when he died, still a young man, in 1520. I said last week there were a thousand ways of being Rembrandt. There



'A Woman in Blue Reading a Letter', by Vermeer (1632-75): in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

fiddle, yet without even a hint of the Paganini frenzy that Romanticism would certainly have added. Even those purely visual elements I spoke of last week, shape, structure, the impact of light, the sense of space, all seem to have settled down together for once, without quarrelling or cancelling each other out—which is just what I said could not happen. Yet in 1509 it did happen. For once, the genius of an artist makes hay of the logic of the critic!

Classicism, then, aims at nothing less than perfection; Athenians of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. in sculpture, and Raphael in painting approached as near to it as is humanly possible. What, then, we ask, can other painters give us that he could not? The answer is everything that is queer, twisted, surprising; everything that has a lovable weakness; everything fantastic or eccentric or funny or macabre, or even exaggerated. I have already bracketed that side of human experience under the general heading of 'character'. It is the Romantic artist's special province, and we shall consider it in detail next week. Meanwhile, what becomes of Classicism once the brief and precious moment of its flowering has passed? For Raphael, we know, was neither the first nor the last of Classicists.

We have to wait for another favourable moment before it can reappear. After the year 1513 (the year of the last 'perfect' picture, Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna') it does not appear again in the sixteenth century. First comes a new, uneasy style, Mannerism, which will be referred to later. Then, in the seventeenth century, comes the full-blooded orchestration of the Baroque style, the style always connected in our minds with Rubens, which suits the Romantic temperament admirably; yet, as we saw last week, one or two temperamental Classic artists did manage to assert themselves in it. Poussin's trees and clouds are as tranquil and idealised as Raphael's poets and muses. Vermeer of Delft, in the second half of the seventeenth century, was trivial and prosaic in outlook but temperamentally as classic as Raphael. His domestic interiors have the same breathless stillness as Poussin's landscapes or as a Madonna by Piero, painted two centuries earlier. In France itself a group of classic artists occupied the middle of the century. For them, seventeenth-century France provided the favourable moment with a vengeance since it believed that perfection could be achieved by following a recipe instead of an inner vision. It substituted correctness for nobility. Never were painters more faultlessly Classic than the artists of the French seventeenth-century Academy, and never was Classicism more uninspired and emasculated.

At the end of the eighteenth century came another favourable moment but rather a curious one. It produced David as its official spokesman and Ingres as its ardent disciple. It is easy to explain and



'Painting', 1936, by Ben Nicholson
From 'Ben Nicholson', Vol. I (Lund Humphries)

is only one way of being Raphael.'

Perfection—the middle way between extremes—is difficult to get excited about and impossible to describe. I can only ask you to look at the central group of the 'Parnassus' and note its stability, which depends on symmetry; its continual slight but never restless movement within that stability which depends on all kinds of little departures from exact symmetry. Note how each figure is simultaneously both a character and a type; how each figure achieves beauty of form and gesture in its own right, yet each is tied to all the others in a large rhythm that binds everything together. Look at the marvellous poise of Apollo, who really is playing his

fairly simple in its appeal. The French Revolution was its inspirer, and Napoleon with his emphasis on Roman dignity and Roman moral stability its most powerful patron. Rome was the model for the statesman, the law giver, the architect, the sculptor and the painter. Nor was that movement confined to France: sculptors—Canova in Italy, Thorwaldsen in Denmark—writers and theorists like Winckelmann in Germany, all gazed reverently backwards in the same direction. Cultural roads, at least, all seemed to lead to Rome, the Rome in which Raphael had worked and to which Poussin had been drawn as by a magnet. Yet, oddly enough, the deeper their reverence for the past the less vital became the art of these worshippers of Classical antiquity. Ingres is at his best when he paints portraits; and portraiture which deals with the individual should, in theory, be unacceptable to Classicism which deals with the type. But when Ingres set out to produce the ideal he merely achieved the insipid. Flaxman's illustrations to Homer have a nerveless smoothness that never came from Homer. The buildings of the period are exquisite in proportion but they are delicate rather than strong; or else, like the Madeleine in Paris, they are slavish copies of pagan temples.

Perfection Bought at Too High a Price

Yet this time the period current was not flowing consistently in their direction. An undercurrent of Romanticism spreading in its initial stages from German literature, in particular Goethe's newly published *Wilhelm Meister*, was rising turbulently under the smooth Classic surface. It began to dawn on certain German critics, at the end of the eighteenth century, that beauty was not everything and that perfection could be bought at too high a price. Was there not an alternative to 'The Beautiful'? Could one not equally admire 'The Interesting'? Was not Shakespeare with his untidy inspiration just as worthy of admiration as Racine with his formal perfection? It was Friedrich Schlegel who invented the term 'Romanticism' as an antidote to Classicism. For once and for a brief moment the currents mingled. That mingling can be seen in England in the work of two artists: our own visionary William Blake and that stormy Swiss artist Fuseli, who settled in England and astonished the grave and cultured gentlemen of the time by his fantasies and his nightmares. Both were essentially Romantic in temperament yet both used the Classic forms of their generation. Both were borrowers, Blake from Raphael and Michelangelo, Fuseli from Michelangelo and his less serene disciples. Both were rebels, in the sense that they assumed the garments of Classicism and yet struck Romantic attitudes. Both proved, if proof were needed, that the noble surface of Classicism did not necessarily subdue the restless undercurrents so dear to the Romantic.

Everyone knows how, throughout the nineteenth century, Romanticism occupied the entire stage, sometimes with disastrous consequences. It was not until its very last years that a revulsion set in—another swing of the pendulum, another deliberate quest for calculated perfection and serenity, but this time with very different results. The Classicism of Georges Seurat was not devitalised by a nostalgic reverence for Greece and Rome. Nor was it fettered by that pursuit of dignity and correctness that makes seventeenth-century French academism so intolerable. Seurat was utterly honest, an intellectual whose innate Classicism drove him back to first principles. For the first time since Raphael an artist tried to discover by sheer concentration how to create the kind of perfection he had in mind. It bore no resemblance to Raphael's perfection. It took little account of ease, grace, and nobility. It was inhuman. The ideal, to Seurat, was the perfect organisation of the parts within the whole; and that ideal came a good deal closer to Plato's definition of beauty in his dialogue, the 'Philebus'. Plato, like Seurat, brooding on the quintessence of beauty, decided that its secret lay not in copying the beautiful but in pure mathematics. That its true symbols were 'straight lines and circles or solid forms produced by lathes and rulers'. The only artists who resemble Seurat in this deliberate building up of mathematical order and the equally deliberate suppression of emotional eloquence had been Piero della Francesca in the mid-fifteenth century and Vermeer of Delft in the mid-seventeenth. All three artists have the same aloofness. They are not chilly like Flaxman or academic like Vouet: they are immensely strong. Though they never display their power, they have power in reserve.

Here are three artists, each a product of his age; and the pictures they painted are immeasurably different from one another. Yet they have a common factor, so important that it shines right through the period veneer. The temperaments of Piero, Vermeer of Delft, and Seurat must have been identical for they solve their painterly problems

identically. Calm, calculating, intellectual, unruffled, they are the very types—even more so than Raphael—of the Classic outlook.

Seurat, by his relentless emphasis on the formal organisation that underlies all good art, led the way straight into the art of our own century. His influence has been far greater than the historians of 'modern' art like us to suppose. The books that 'explain' modern art usually take Cézanne as its central figure and starting point. Central he may have been, for he had a more penetrating eye than Seurat, and he set himself more difficult problems. But it was Seurat's incorruptible Classicism that dominated the years from 1910 to 1930 and produced perhaps the most arid painter of all time, Piet Mondrian. Mondrian has taken puritanism even further than Plato. 'Straight lines and circles', says Plato. To Mondrian even a curve is dangerously sensuous, suspiciously romantic. Ben Nicholson comes nearer to Plato. I think Plato would rather have admired his painting once he had grasped the idea, which we have all accepted today, that art need not be imitative. Why should it? Music gets on quite nicely without 'copying nature'.

Those two decades from 1910 to 1930 were the peak of what could be called intellectual Classicism. It took two main forms. One was Cubism, the other abstract art.

Cubism, invented by Picasso and Braque, is essentially a subdivision of Classicism if we think of Classicism as the search for the general behind the particular. Cubism rejected all those surface accidents equally dear to the Realist who likes them for their own sake and the Romantic who likes them because they stimulate him emotionally. Cubism regards all objects as geometric solids, caring nothing for their beguiling surfaces or their momentary appearance, thinking only of them as starting points for an essay in simplified structure—as though they had turned themselves into rather complicated crystals. Like all phases of Classicism, Cubism could not last long. To turn the physical world into crystals was too specialised a programme. It exhausted itself in twenty years but it left behind something enduring. It compelled artists to abandon the old Impressionist snapshot vision and to see the world as something solid and enduring. It denied the value of appearances and focused the artist's vision on facts.

Abstract art moved still further from the world of solid, recognisable objects. Seurat had used the visible world as an excuse for calculated pictorial organisation. Subject matter, with him, almost ceased to count. Why not then abandon subject matter altogether and concentrate entirely on calculated organisation? The canvas could then become an end in itself. It was still a communication but not a communication based on the thing seen. An abstract painting is not an extract from the visible world but from the imaginary ideal Platonic world. It was a revolutionary step to take, and we shall see next week that it could be used by the Romantics as well as by the Classic artists, but I want here to refer to abstract art only in the service of the Classic temperament, and in particular those extreme examples of it produced by Mondrian and Ben Nicholson.

Pure Geometric Form

Here, surely, is the apotheosis of pure geometric form, purged of all its associations, the opposite pole from the 'terrestrial beauty' of the Renaissance cycle. Those stark black verticals and horizontals of Mondrian's, those patches of flat primary colours held fast in the enclosing rectangles are the final, ultimate statements of the Classic point of view. I do not mean that they are the end of the journey: the temperament that always looks for organised perfection rather than lovable muddle will always exist and always bring forth new forms of Classic art. But Mondrian after about 1922 took de-humanised organisation as far as it could possibly go.

Luckily art does not stop when it reaches the end of a cul-de-sac. Like a pendulum, when it comes to the end of its swing, it begins to swing back. As I see it, it has already begun to do so today. Next week, in describing Romantic painting, we shall find no Mondrians and few Ben Nicholsons among the painters of the last few years, but we shall find equally abstract artists doing something quite different but equally surprising.—*Home Service*

An illustrated pamphlet, price 2s. 6d., published by the B.B.C. in connection with Mr. Newton's talks, may be obtained through newsagents and booksellers or post free from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1. The envelope should be marked 'Style and Vision' in the top left-hand corner, and a crossed postal order should be enclosed, not stamps.

Constantin Brancusi: 1876-1957

By HERBERT READ

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI, who has just died in Paris at the age of eighty-one, had won an unsurpassed reputation among contemporary sculptors on the basis of a very restricted production and for qualities which had little to do with either the academic or the revolutionary movements of his time. He held himself aloof, and though there was a period (between 1904 and 1914) when he associated with Modigliani, the only other sculptor who ever had anything in common with him, for the past forty years he has lived the life of a recluse in his Paris studio—a life of austerity and spiritual meditation, for he has been much influenced by Tibetan mysticism, particularly the *Milarepa*, the confessions of an eleventh-century Tibetan monk. He has always been severely critical of his contemporaries; nevertheless he has been revered almost as a saint, and his work has had a profound effect on the development of modern sculpture.

He was born at Pestisani, near Turguiju, Rumania, on February 21, 1876, and received his first training in the local carpentry school. He won a scholarship to the Art Academy of Bucharest and having gained his diploma made for Paris, where he arrived in 1904. He was to remain there all his life, and rarely left his studio (an exception is the visit he made to India in 1937 to design a temple of meditation for the Maharajah of Indore, a project which was never finished).

His early work is academic, and for a few years after his arrival in Paris he was influenced by Rodin. The decisive change in his style occurred about 1907, and is strikingly illustrated by the two versions of 'La muse endormie'. The first version, of 1906, shows the sleeping face of the muse emerging from a background of roughly-hewn marble, the delicate naturalistic features contrasting with the unfinished rock. Rodin used this effect, and it was probably inspired by Michelangelo's unfinished sculptures. Then in 1909-10 Brancusi repeated the subject, but this time all the background has been carved away, the obtrusive elements of the face (nose, eyebrows, and ears) reduced to almost linear indications, and thus we get the first of those egg-shaped carvings which are so characteristic of Brancusi.

In the same manner and about the same time as Picasso and other artists, Brancusi felt the impact of African tribal wood sculpture. This phase lasts from about 1914 ('Le fils prodigue' of that year, now in the Arensberg Collection, Philadelphia Museum of Art) to 1925 ('Le chef' of that year), but all the time this essentially exotic influence is being tempered by Brancusi's innate classicism. The Negro idols become transformed into quasi-classical columns.

To use the word 'classical' to characterise the work of this revolutionary artist only shows how ambiguous such labels can be. The words that can be used without ambiguity to describe Brancusi's work are

words like 'simplicity' and 'integrity', words that are not the copyright of any school or movement. 'Innocence' is perhaps another such word, and one of the most significant of the sayings attributed to Brancusi will make very clear what we mean by this word—'When we are no longer children, we are already dead'. An innocent eye does not imply infantilism, but rather an absence of the prejudices and distortions of a civilisation that separates the artist from nature.

'Simplicity is not an aim in art—one attains simplicity in spite of oneself by getting near to the real sense of things'—that further saying of Brancusi's is equally significant, and it implies an objectivity, an extraversion of sensation and thought, which separates Brancusi decisively from the expressionist schools of our time.

Only during the classical cubist period of Braque and Picasso can Brancusi be said to have belonged to the main current of modern art. But cubistic though some of his creations may be ('Le coq' of 1924, for example), there is always in Brancusi's typical work a vitalistic element which derives from the observation of nature. It may be an abstract quality of a natural object, as when he embodies the flashing swiftness of a bird's flight ('L'oiseau dans l'espace', the five-feet-high polished bronze in Peggy Guggenheim's collection, Venice); and even the form of the egg is vital, for all its mathematical perfection. But it is almost the Platonic 'idea' of the natural object that Brancusi seems to seek to represent, and his success in this attempt gives to his work its extraordinary integrity and sense of everlastingness.

Is he then a perfect artist, like Arnold's Shakespeare, 'beyond the foild searching of mortality'? I do not think so. I must confess that in two or three of his works, in the famous 'Mademoiselle Pogany' in particular, I am disturbed by a quality of over-sophistication, of utter refinement rather than utter simplicity. Perhaps the negroid works were a reaction from this quality, designed to correct a tendency of which the artist himself was fully conscious. There are several versions of 'Mademoiselle Pogany', spaced from 1913 to 1931, and they show a progressive elimination of the sophisticated elements I refer to. But even in the final version I am still disturbed by a slick suavity wholly absent from his greatest works. It was Brancusi himself who said 'nude men in sculpture are not so beautiful as toads'.

The following books have been included in the St. Martin's Library (Macmillan, 5s.): *Portrait in a Mirror*, by Charles Morgan; *Left Hand, Right Hand!* and *The Scarlet Tree*, by Osbert Sitwell; *The Golden Bough*, by J. G. Frazer (abridged edition); *Gone with the Wind*, by Margaret Mitchell; *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and *Far From the Madding Crowd*, by Thomas Hardy; *Rogue Herries*, by Hugh Walpole; *Shakespearean Tragedy*, by A. C. Bradley; *Three Plays*, by Sean O'Casey.



'Penguins' (1914, marble), by Constantin Brancusi

From 'Sculpture in Europe Today', by H. Schaeffer-Simmern (University of California Press)

Balance and Barrier—II

The Balance between Populations

The second of three talks by CHARLES ELTON on the future of ecology

If you want to repel invaders there are three stages at which you can try to do it. You can tackle them before they get in—that is quarantine; you can destroy their first bridgehead—that is eradication (if you are lucky); or you can deal with them after they have become established—that is control. Of course, you may not want to keep a species out of the country at all. We do not exclude new kinds of forest trees; and it would have been a pity to keep out the large copper butterflies that were introduced from Holland when our own died out. But even a forest tree may carry its own risks with it. The eucalyptus was established in California without bringing in any of the Australian insects that feed on it, because these Californian trees were grown from seed. But in South Africa and New Zealand several kinds of eucalyptus insects entered on young trees and have become pests there. The United States now prohibits the importation of cherry trees from four continents because of the viruses they may carry. And even seeds are not always innocuous. It has been estimated that wheat seeds can carry any of fifty-five different bacterial and fungus diseases, and some of these are not confined to wheat.

I learned how easy it is to bring in a foreign insect when I carried home a few large American acorns from Wisconsin just before the war. I only wanted to have them on my desk for mementoes. A few days after I got back some chafer beetle grubs emerged from the acorns. I dropped the whole lot into boiling water to kill them instantly, and that was the end of it. When the customs officer had asked me whether I had anything to declare, it never occurred to me to say 'acorns', and I am not sure that he would have been interested if I had.

But ninety years ago a French naturalist, Leopold Trouvelot, who was studying various kinds of silkworms, brought some eggs of the European gypsy moth to his house in Massachusetts. A few of the eggs or caterpillars went astray, and they started one of the major caterpillar plagues of New England. They attacked and stripped the leaves off trees in forests and gardens and orchards, and in spite of immense activity and research they are still a smouldering problem. Following this went the deliberate introduction of a great many enemies and parasites of the moth from Europe; quite an addition to the fauna of North America.

A friend of a friend of mine who had just returned from Egypt was rather astonished when small beetles began to hatch out of his shirt buttons. These turned out to be made from the nut of a kind of palm, and the larvae had gone on living in the stuff, having apparently passed through the manufacturing process without harm—rather like Charlie Chaplin in 'Modern Times'.

So, although no one is likely to get into New Zealand again accompanied by a live red deer, we have to accept the proposition that invasions of animals and plants and their parasites—and our parasites—will continue as far as the millennium and probably for thousands of years beyond it. Every year will see some new development in this situation. That is a way of saying that the balance between species is going to keep changing in every country. Quarantine, and the massive campaigns of eradication are ways of buying time; I say buying, because though these campaigns are valuable and necessary they are also extremely expensive. It takes so few individuals to establish a

population, and such a great deal of work to eradicate them later on.

So far, each crisis has been handled as it arose, without much benefit of fundamental knowledge about populations. But now the situation is changing. Whereas at the beginning of this century there were perhaps not more than fifty population ecologists at work in the world, there are now thousands. I call them population ecologists, though a great many of them go under other names like fishery research workers, applied entomologists, university teachers, and the like. Some are employed by governments to deal directly with introduced species. There are wonderful organisations in Hawaii and California, for example. Others care nothing about introduced species, or even about applied ecology. They are simply interested in finding out how populations work, or, as John Gunter said about American cities, how they 'tick'. The whole thing is a huge field of endeavour and not particularly well organised as a science, because there are such enormous numbers of species in the world, thousands of different problems, and also these new dislocations and changes every year. I know several big investigations on a single species that have gone on for a quarter of a century without unravelling the whole workings of a population. Ecological activities range from the partly administrative decisions that settle how to fumigate plague rats on ships, or control the numbers of whales, to problems so recondite that even professional mathematicians cannot yet solve the required equations.

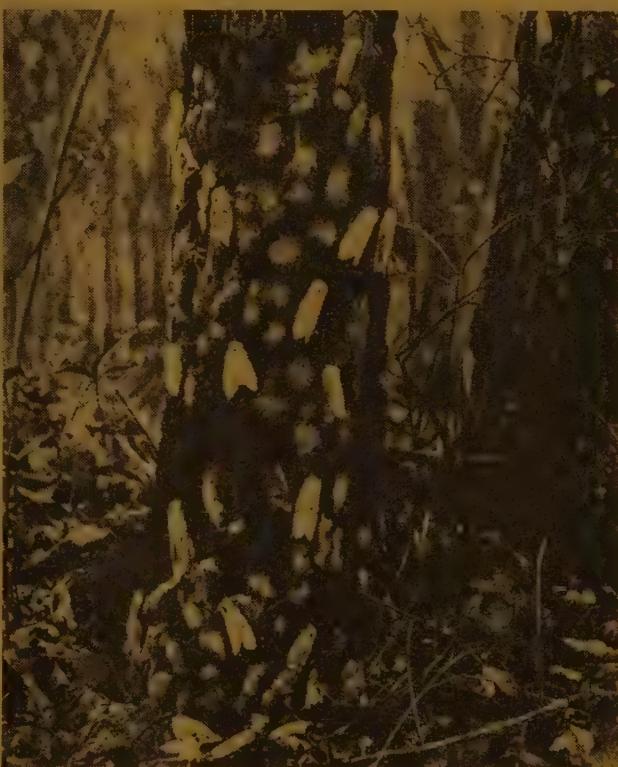
I will try to illustrate the sort of mental world that a modern population ecologist lives in, if his interests are fairly wide. I can best give you a glimpse of the really extensive range of the subject by using a simple simile from cookery. I imagine myself providing a

recipe for the thinking of a trained ecologist who is puzzling out the rates of increase of some wild species. It might run like this, though mainly in his subconscious:

Ingredients: Take the age-distribution of sub-antarctic whales, the fertility schedules of Bulgarian women and of British field-mice, the population density of a Californian scale insect and its parasites, the death-rate of a grain weevil population in an incubator, the weather system of the North Atlantic, the ruminations of an Italian mathematician, and small amounts of Malthus to taste. *Method:* Douse them with cold water, bring to the boil, then take them apart and fry until well browned off, add Malthus, cover closely and simmer gently. *Time:* About three years.

This recipe is faintly recognisable in Mrs. Beeton's recipe for Kangaroo Tail Fricassee. It is what research feels like, and I chose this one because some of the best ecological work has come out of Australia.

This question of the rate of increase lies at the centre of the balance within populations, and between species. When the lid is taken off it, you get an invasion, or outbreak, or plague, or epidemic. One of the encouraging steps made in the last twenty years is that ecologists have found out how to measure and calculate properly the powers of increase of an animal population. Before that, statisticians had done it only for human populations. But it is still very difficult to estimate the figure, except for animals kept in the laboratory. Even there, it is a tight-rope job, because you have to define exactly how the experiments were done, in what conditions, and the hereditary stock of animals you used. Nature,



Gypsy moths laying their eggs on the trunk of an oak tree in Massachusetts; a photograph taken at the end of last century

as they say, is not so considerate. The country is not a constant incubator; it is ruled by seasons, and these are overruled by unpredictable changes. We still have only the sketchiest ideas about the intrinsic rates of increase of species living wild, though we often witness their actual performance and can occasionally measure it.

One can go on to ask what sort of world lies in front of an invading species. Most people do not know the astonishing richness in species, and the huge numbers of individual animals, living together in one place. This is partly because they are mostly hidden under cover, and partly because the majority are rather small creatures like insects and spiders and mites. For twelve years I have studied a small, hilly area close to Oxford, and kept records; many of these come from other ecologists in the university who have worked there for their own special purposes. We have begun to build up an intricate knowledge of the ecological system and its wild life: it is a slow job, but illuminating. These hills cover less than two square miles, and the country is an ordinary bit of woodland and fields, with streams and marshes as well, and the river Thames flowing round part of it. We already know that there are something like 2,500 kinds of animals there, and that there must be many more than this still to be observed.

The number of individual animals on the whole area undoubtedly runs into thousands of millions: we know something about the scale of this from various countings ecologists have done there. Even the soil of a ploughed field, which looks simple enough on the surface, may have several hundred kinds of animals in it. If I were a European fat dormouse arriving in the Chiltern Hills or a Chinese mitten crab at the mouth of the Elbe, and if I could think, my first thought would be: 'We are not alone'.

Naturally, most animals colonise one or only a few habitats, not the whole lot; but even so they will find themselves entering a highly complex community of different populations; they will search for breeding sites and find them occupied, for food that other species are already eating, for cover that other animals are sheltering in, and they will bump into them and be bumped into—and often be bumped off. Besides this, each habitat shares part of its fauna with neighbouring ones. An ecological system, like an organised human community, has its separate centres of activity, but always at some point you can find connections between them, and these may affect the balance between populations. The invader is working his way somehow into a complex system, rather as an immigrant might try to find a job and start a family in a new country or a big city. The shortest way of describing this situation is to say that it is meeting ecological resistance. The key questions are: what is this, and why is it suddenly overcome by certain species?

You can see this resistance to newcomers in established kinds of vegetation. Here there is close competition for light and soil chemicals; though by arrangements that even advanced plant ecology has not yet revealed very far, you may still get fifty or more kinds of plants living in one community. But by far the greater number of our alien plants live in habitats simplified by man, including our crop plants: I mean arable land, waste dumps, railway tracks, walls, and so forth. I remember being asked the names of two Canadian plants by a Negro train porter as we waited at a station in Ontario. I did not expect to be able to tell him this, but they turned out to be the common plantain that grows as a weed on our lawns, and the rosebay willow-herb.

One also thinks of a very common plant like the white dead-nettle. This has leaves so like a stinging nettle that a botanist friend of mine who bet he could always tell the difference in a second was immediately stung. Through much of the year it has white flowers, much visited by bumble bees, so that it ought to be successful in producing seed. Yet it is still found only on roadsides, the edges of arable fields, and

in waste places. In its original home in the Caucasus the white dead-nettle is a successful woodland plant in a rich community of other ones. Yet it has doubtless been in England for hundreds of years, without making the grade here as a woodland plant. One wonders whether if it had got a niche for itself in our woods, some other species would have been replaced, or changed its numbers.

Introduced animals often do replace native ones, or would if they were allowed to. Obviously if a moth caterpillar defoliates a whole grove of trees, the other herbivorous species diminish at the time. The American grey squirrel has replaced our native one in the Midlands of England and in some other parts of the country. This sometimes happened quickly. When I came to Oxford in 1919 there were red squirrels in Magdalen Grove. Several years later there were American ones instead. But often it has taken up to fifteen years for the process, whatever it is, to be complete. For we still do not know what happens, except that there is a change. Similarly, in some of the English oyster beds that have not been carefully managed, the American slipper limpet that reached here over fifty years ago and has much the same way of

life, has multiplied and almost extinguished the oysters. This limpet has been doing the same thing to a different species of oyster that lives on the Pacific coast of America. In well-managed beds, competition is controlled by what amounts to cultivation—dredging up slipper limpets and smashing them: weeding, in fact.

Sometimes foreign species have been able to edge in without producing any recorded disturbances or making our own species extinct. Several kinds of freshwater shrimp are quietly spreading in our rivers and canals. One comes from North America, and two others from the Caspian region. Before their arrival we had only one kind of common freshwater river shrimp in England. But competition apparently can occur between shrimps, as is shown by the research of Dr. Hynes at Liverpool University. In Ireland, where our native species is still absent, its place is taken by another



'Weeding' American slipper limpets during the reclamation of a derelict oyster bed at Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex

that lives only in estuaries on most parts of our English mainland.

So here is an ecological question: why does an invader sometimes fail, sometimes succeed but not cause great upsets and changes, or why does it usually start something we have the greatest difficulty in stopping? And are we going about the business of control in the right way? If we cannot keep out new immigrants, or entirely dispose of the ones that are already here, how can we absorb them into the ecological system of this country so that they will be good citizens? I intend to offer a few ideas about this in my next and final talk. But whatever may be the ultimate technical operations that come into play as a result of research, they must take into account the natural balance of species in each bit of the ecological network. It is like the position in our international affairs. You cannot touch the system in one place without having repercussions in another. Ecologists are doing research on the whole problem from different ends, both useful. One is the study of simplified bits of the system, sometimes just in test-tubes, or as mathematical abstractions; the other is concentrated study of bits of a natural community, or of the life on a whole area. In between these come field studies of the natural populations of single species, which at the present time are one of the favourite subjects for research by ecologists. But any single species nevertheless lives amongst a rich and diverse mixture of other ones. Both its companion species and the rest of its habitat vary from place to place, and with the seasons.

This variety in nature is the context in which all other ecological problems are set. Therefore I am of the same mind as Richard Jeffries, who wrote over seventy years ago, before animal ecology was a science at all: 'My sympathies and hopes are with the light of the future, only I should like it to come from nature. The clock should be read by the sunshine, not the sun timed by the clock'.—*Third Programme*

NEWS DIARY

March 27-April 2

Wednesday, March 27

The Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary arrive back in London from their meeting with President Eisenhower in Bermuda

Over 400,000 engineering workers in the London area are called out to extend the strike

Turkish leader in Cyprus expresses anxiety about British negotiations with Archbishop Makarios

Thursday, March 28

Colonial Secretary announces in Commons that Archbishop Makarios is to be released from detention in the Seychelles but is not yet to go back to Cyprus

Professor D. T. Jack is appointed chairman of the Committee of Inquiry to investigate the dispute in the shipbuilding industry

The Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen rejects conditions attached by the British Transport Commission to its offer of a 5 per cent. wage increase

Friday, March 29

Lord Salisbury, Lord President of the Council, resigns because of his disagreement with the Government's decision to release Archbishop Makarios

Talks between the engineering employers and unions break down. Court of Inquiry into the shipbuilding dispute is also asked to enquire into the engineering dispute

Archbishop Makarios states that he will not take part in political talks until he is allowed to return to Cyprus

Saturday, March 30

The Greek Ambassador to Britain, who was recalled when Archbishop Makarios was deported, is to return to London

The Cunard Company announces that the *Queen Mary* will turn round at Cherbourg instead of Southampton

Sunday, March 31

Members of crew of the *Queen Mary* ask National Union of Seamen to get the ban on the liner docking at Southampton lifted

Northern Ireland police find another illegal store of arms in Londonderry

Mr. Kadar, Prime Minister of Hungary, arrives back in Budapest after talks with Soviet leaders in Moscow

Monday, April 1

Commons debate the Bermuda conference
U.S. State Department sends Note to Egypt about Suez Canal

Tuesday, April 2

The shipbuilding and engineering strikes are called off

Economic Survey for 1957 is published
Simonstown base is handed over to South African Government



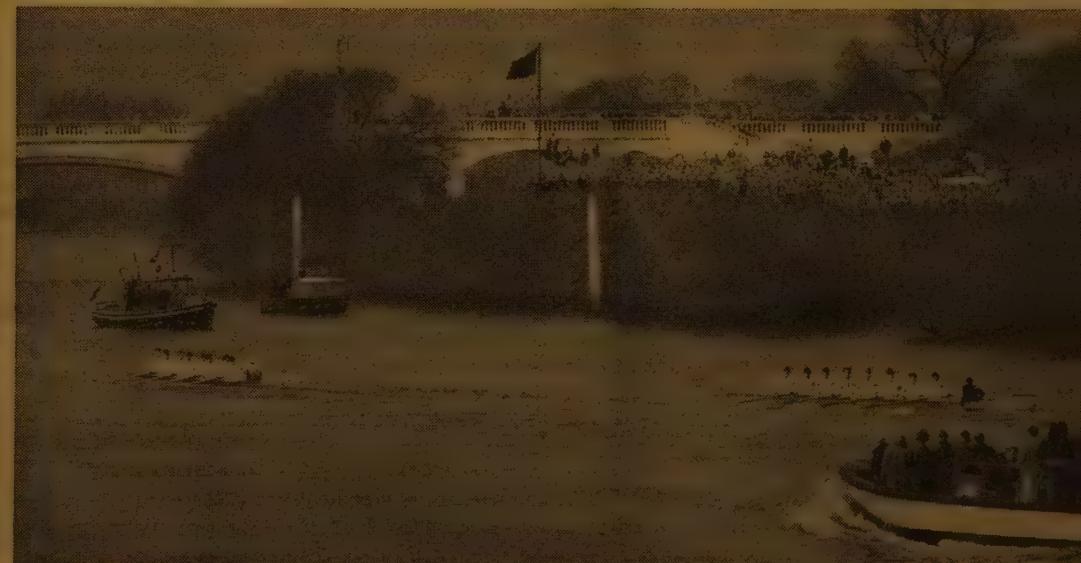
Archbishop Makarios, whose release after a year's detention in the Seychelles Islands was announced by the Government last week. Commenting on the condition laid down that he would not yet be allowed to return to Cyprus, the Archbishop said that he would not be prepared to negotiate unless he were allowed to return



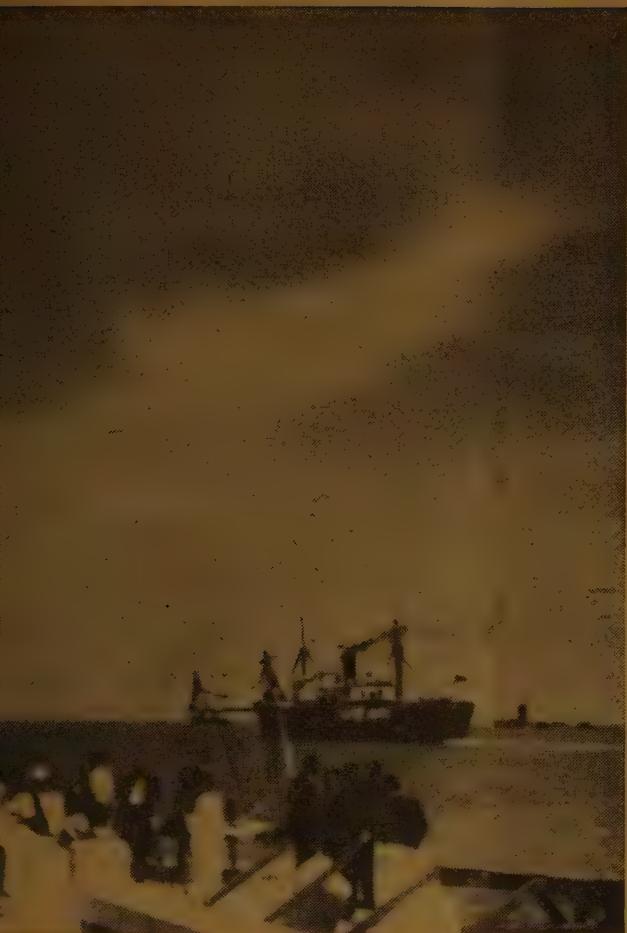
A ship in the first convoy to pass through the Suez Canal last November, photographed on March 30 passing the remains of the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps (destroyed by Egyptian demonstrators in December after withdrawal of British forces) which marks the northern end of the Canal at Port Said



Left: Sundew, this year's winner of the Grand National (he Aintree on March 29) led Much Obliged over Becher's Bend during the race. Sundew, ridden by Fred Winter and owned by Mrs. Geoffrey



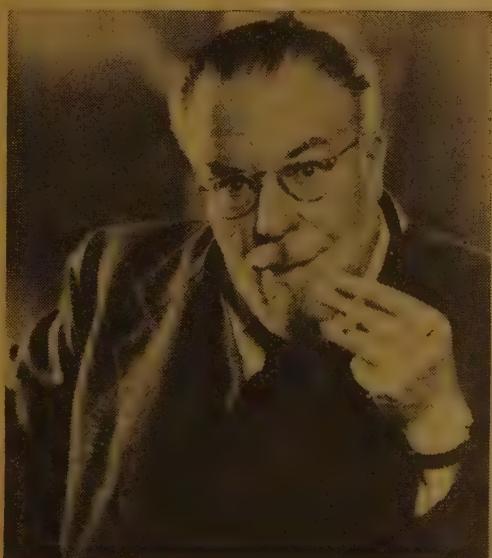
The finish at Mortlake of the 103rd boat race last Saturday: Cambridge won by two lengths



daffodils in the grounds of Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, Surrey, last weekend. Once the home of Lord John Russell, the grounds of the house are open to the public



Chief Makimei talking to fellow Kikuyus and the District Commissioner in the village of Lari, Kenya, after a remembrance parade had been held there on March 26 to commemorate the massacre four years ago by Mau Mau terrorists of ninety-seven of the villagers including the previous chief and his family



Mr. Christopher Morley, the American novelist and essayist, who died on March 28, aged sixty-six. His work had a vein of slightly grotesque fantasy rare in American letters and, particularly in his essays, a wide range of erudition and humour. Among his most successful novels were *Thunder on the Left*, *Where the Blue Begins*, and *Kitty Foyle*. He was well known to B.B.C. listeners for his part in 'Trans-Atlantic Quiz' programmes



Mr. Joyce Cary, the novelist, who died on March 29, aged sixty-eight. Before his first book was published in 1930 he had had a long career in the Nigerian political service. His *A House of Children* won the James Tait Black Memorial prize in 1942, but he did not become widely known as a writer until the appearance in 1944 of *The Horse's Mouth*; this was the second novel of a trilogy which also included *Herself Surprised* and *To Be a Pilgrim*. He completed a second trilogy in 1955



and their lambs on a Gloucestershire farm last week. Weather conditions so far have been ideal for lambing

Party Political Broadcast

The Liberal Party and the Future

By JOSEPH GRIMOND, M.P., Leader of the Liberal Party, JOHN M. BANNERMAN, GLYN TEGAI HUGHES, and JOHN ARLOTT (in the chair)

JOHN ARLOTT: Officially speaking, this is a party political broadcast, but so far as we are concerned, it is a personal broadcast. Your houses are too many for us to come into them all, in any other way than this, to ask you to meet—as I want you to meet now—a man who, in this studio, is sitting among friends: Jo Grimond, the Leader of the Liberal Party.

Joseph Grimond: It may seem more important to you, who are listening, that I am the leader of the smallest party in the House of Commons. Perhaps you think that that ought to make me unhappy. In fact, it doesn't. Of course, I would like to have more M.P.s with me, I would like our party in the House to be bigger, and of course it soon will be. But I wouldn't change places with either of the other two party leaders: in any case I couldn't. I am a Liberal. That's to say I'm free—free to be a Liberal, free to belong to a party that is not tied to anyone's apron strings.

I speak to you as a leader—certainly—but not a dictator, nor merely the powerless mouthpiece of a party, but one leader of the last great independent force left in this country. We—that is the Liberals—can criticise Suez or the strikes or anything else, honestly; not merely as a manoeuvre for office. Our politics are open, we don't dance to the tune of a party committee which meets in secret. What we have to say we can say here and now—I, and three of our candidates, who can introduce themselves: first, Glyn Tegai Hughes.

Glyn Tegai Hughes: Well, obviously, with that name I'm a Welshman, and candidate for Denbigh. My job is teaching comparative literature in a university, but I also argue comparative politics, with a Liberal conviction, in the rest of my time.

John M. Bannerman: I'm a Scot as you can hear—a farmer and Chairman of the Scottish Liberal Party, and a candidate for Invernesshire.

John Arrott: Broadcaster—candidate for Epping. But surely John Bannerman should have mentioned the fact that he has won more Scottish rugby caps than any other man who ever played for Scotland. But perhaps the defeat by England has put him off the subject of rugby.

John M. Bannerman: Yes, John, I don't think we should talk about it. Luckily it's not a talking problem—we can settle it in practical fashion next year on our native heath.

I am a Liberal in Scotland—yes. That does not mean that a Scottish Liberal is a different Liberal from any other, but it does mean that Scotland has a need of Liberals. Scotland, at the moment, is suffering from centralisation of government in London. We do not ask anything that people in England do not have, but we are not prepared to take less, and that is Liberal policy, whether the people concerned are English, Scottish, Welsh—or Jamaican.

Now, although 180 M.P.s and 1,000 crofters protested to the Government the Government has refused a public enquiry to define the extent of their encroachment in the rocket isles of the Hebrides. A fortnight ago I was at a meeting with the crofters on Benbecula, in the Western Islands. They are fair-minded men. It may be that this is the Government's need. It may be that it is just. But, if it is just, let us see that

it is. These crofters are entitled to their enquiry and to be told, in the face of their arguments, what the Government's full purpose is. Why, the islanders don't even know what is going to happen to them. That is the simplest Liberal demand for democratic government, but if this fair dealing can be denied to the crofters of the Hebrides today, it can be denied to the rest of you tomorrow.

Glyn Tegai Hughes: I'd like to say that the same thing goes for the Tryweryn Valley in North Wales. Now that's the valley that Liverpool wants to flood, largely in order to get water for their new industries. Whatever the basic rights and wrongs of this dispute it's quite clear that there's been far too much pushing around of small minorities by Liverpool Corporation.

But I want to be as calm as I can about Wales, because warm hearts too often mean hot heads, and to talk of past injustices is not very helpful now. So, if we in Wales claim that we have special problems due to geography or language or social structure, then the common-sense answer, which is also the Liberal answer, seems to be: 'All right, you sort out your special problems for yourselves'. The Council for Wales has just come out with sound arguments for a Secretary of State for Wales and with hard-headed proposals for reorganising the Civil Service there—that's to give Welsh civil servants the sort of rank which will let them argue with the big brass in Whitehall. This seems to us at any rate a move in the right direction. But will the Government take it? Already the Liberals are having to press the Government to try to make them accept these recommendations.

Joseph Grimond: Indeed, all governments have to be pressed. Now take these strikes. Strikes threaten us all, and they threaten the strikers themselves most of all. Perhaps the greatest threat is not the actual strike, but the fact that everyone seems to think that it is his duty to be on one of what people call the two sides of the strike problem—to take either the workers' side or the employers' side. But there aren't any longer two sides to a strike—the whole idea is out of date. Strikes themselves are out of date. One mistake is to pretend that the trades unionist stands now where he used to stand—that he is still a sort of down-trodden and under-privileged individual. I do ask you to consider this seriously if you are a trades unionist, for I'm concerned with your future, not your past. Do you realise that many of you manual workers are now better off than some of the white-collar workers? Your trade-union members are now the main earners, the main spenders, the main taxpayers in Britain. It's your families who are hurt by the high cost of living: it's your parents and grandparents who suffer from the reduced value of pensions; and it's your tax which will have to go up if, say, the railways make a loss. And all these things will happen if strikes continue. The cost of living is bound to go up, and the value of pensions and such things is bound to go down.

The wealth of this country today depends upon what the workers make. That being so, surely the workers must be given a far bigger share in the management of industry, given a share in the ownership; given a stake in the country; not just a place in the ranks in the battle between workers and employers. The whole present position seems, to us Liberals,

futile. The great, big union leaders do not necessarily represent the men today. And, in the same way, the employers' federations certainly don't represent all the employers.

A great number of people in this country are bold people who want opportunity and who take it if it's given them. They are not helpless exploited workers but the men and women who hold the wealth and the future of this country in their own hands. It's theirs. Now we want the system really free, not only free from the tyranny of employers—which is largely a thing of the past, today—but free from the shackles of those who won't let them be what they want to be; free from the governments who would try to take away the rewards of their own enterprise—take them away by what we consider monstrously high taxation. In fact, the problem surely is not quite so difficult as it's made out. And perhaps that's why both sides have tried to fog it with argument, because it doesn't suit the book. Where production justifies higher wages—higher wages must be paid. Where it doesn't—they can't.

John M. Bannerman: Well the trouble seems to be that the solution that the Government proposes for strikes is always a hand-to-mouth one. They know no policy but arbitration—the hasty patching of holes that will open up again tomorrow. They have no cure for the sickness which is in our industry but try merely to treat the symptoms which are strikes—ending today's strike by a means which makes tomorrow's strike almost inevitable. The Liberal aim is to get to the root of it, to remove the cause of strikes—give workers common cause, common interests, common profits, with their employers.

Now, every Scotsman knows the good the unions have done in our country, but that was in the days when the unions were human and representative. In this latest strike threat—take for instance the sewing machine factory at Paisley—the workers there were contented enough and might have found settlement, but they were ordered out. Of over 20,000 workers there, 7,000 or 8,000 are still working and many more might have stayed in, too. That's a case close to myself in Scotland of the unions using power in such a way as can only destroy good will and make the gap between workers and their employers wider where, in fact, there need be no gap at all. John Arrott, I believe you're trade unionist, as I am, myself.

John Arrott: I am, and my dues are fully paid up. I don't like to see the unions acting as if they stood alone, as if they could do without the rest of the country, as if they were the enemies of the rest of the country. They can't do without the rest any more than the rest can do without them. We in the Liberal Party have put up solid, concrete, detailed ideas for workers' share in the control of industry. It's no pipe-dream—it's practicable. Why won't the other two parties do something more about it than just pay lip-service to it? After all, our record in these matters is first-class—the formulation of all the most enlightened and the greatest reforms in this country for more than 100 years from the extension of the votes to the Beveridge Report.

Joseph Grimond: Now, John, our problem surely is of the future. What's happened in the past is over.

John Arlott: That's true, to an extent, and I know that you're concerned only with the future, but no one can afford to forget they have a great history, because that lays something on us. And, after all, before anyone engages a man to do a job he's entitled to know what that man's back record is. Our back record as a political party is good, and that seems to me to be an effective testimonial now, when we ask to undertake the job for the future.

Joseph Grimond: You know, I find that knowledge in the people who talk to me. They look to the Liberal Party for something different—something more difficult, if you like—than they expect from their own other parties. I find more and more people are fed up with 'orthodox' politicians, sickened by their irrelevancies and their dishonesty. When I hear responsible people say that we shall be granted concessions in the Budget because the Government is disturbed by the result of by-elections like Lewisham or Leamington—then I could laugh; if it weren't, in fact, so tragic. Is the country really to be governed so that the Government wins the next by-election? Or is it to be governed for the good of the country as a whole? Are voters to be given short-term bribes to stand by while the country goes downhill into a bankrupt future?

Glyn Tegai Hughes: I think the word tragic you used was just the right one. That is tragic government indeed. The Tory and Labour Parties give me, at any rate, the impression that they're still clambering out of the nineteenth century—or about to clamber back into it. And it's their job to look ahead—it's the job of all political parties. Let me try to explain the kind of thing I mean. Let's look on for, say, thirty years, to 1987. By then, as any scientist will tell you, a great quantity of our food and many of our minerals will have to come from the sea—extracted from sea water itself. Now for that we shall need plant on such an enormous scale that only the Government will be able to do the job; but I very much wonder whether in fact it's looking anything like as far ahead as that.

Well, let's come to a more everyday problem, perhaps: transport. The railways have a great modernisation scheme worked out—it's going to cost over £1,000,000,000, and in the meantime perhaps somebody will spend half-a-crown on the roads as well. But why don't they plan the sharing of traffic? Are we going to go on having the most comprehensive railway system in the world—or are all the branch lines to be closed

bit by bit, and replaced by buses that won't carry luggage? Indeed, I could go on and say will there be any room for the buses on the roads? Come 1987, and you'll probably have to walk on the roofs of stationary cars if you want to go from Birkenhead to Colwyn Bay.

This seems to me to be what politics is about—this is the stuff of politics. What kind of life are we going to live? If we go on as we are, in thirty years' time most of us will be in big towns breathing smoke and sulphur-dioxide, struggling into work in a blackened city centre with a lot of people coughing their lungs away, and watching the trees and plants in the gardens giving up the struggle to grow. And yet, Pittsburg, which was once the grimiest city in America, got rid of smog in two years. We could do it, too. And our architects and planners could build us comfortable and lovely cities, if our system of land holdings and our leaseholds and our rates would let them—and if our Government thought further ahead than the next by-election.

One last example: we don't just want institutions for old people. They're entitled to homes—the sort of homes that are right for old people. Small, self-contained houses and flats, amongst their friends and amongst the young. Now what in the name of common sense is the use of running up houses all over the place without troubling to work out the sort of houses you want? And it worries me, and I think worries all of us, that so few politicians have time to think of the ends they want. And the means decay as the ends recede.

Joseph Grimond: To be so obsessed by the means as to forget the end, is surely the mark of a bad politician—especially when the means today may be the end of us all. And by that I mean, of course, the nuclear bomb. Now let's face it, the greatness of this country does not depend on our possession of our own nuclear bombs; it is pointless to pretend that it does. The West as a whole must have them, and indeed has them. But Britain alone need not have these bombs. We should be content to make our own contribution to western defence, including what is called the ultimate deterrent. Once that fact is grasped, it doesn't make sense for us to go on having more and more nuclear tests. There's certainly some danger to life from them; and there is also the danger that other countries, very reasonably, will demand the same rights to test and to hold nuclear weapons.

We have lost a wonderful opportunity, I think, of saying to the Russians: 'We'll have

no more tests unless you do—not trying to bargain with them but stating our position and leaving it to them to bear the onus of continuing. The Russians, I'm sorry to say, have seized the opportunity which we lost. Now this matter—all these matters—are for you to decide. If you are reasonable people—as I know most of you are—I fancy you'll see that the Liberal answer is the right answer.

John Arlott: Indeed, we're satisfied that Liberal thought in this country has always been deep, and has always been strong, and that it still is. And that was why our purpose tonight was not to create Liberal thought—that exists already; not to make Liberals—they're there. But to mobilise Liberals. Not into a party machine but into regular and closer touch with one another. We are not subsidised by high finance, nor by low finance—the all-but-compulsory political levy on every trade unionist whether he be Liberal, Labour, or Conservative.

Our strength is the strength of our friends. We know our enemies; we don't always know our friends as well as we should do—even those of our friends who from time to time would be our critics. We can stand criticism, and we accept it—that's not a weakness it's a strength. It is our friends that we want to contact more closely. If you want to be free to stand on your own two feet, you're our friend, and for your own sake, don't be too long in realising that we are the only political friends you have. Liberalism is free men's politics, and without Liberalism there are no free men.

Write to Jo Grimond at Liberal Party Headquarters, 58 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Or, if you didn't get up in time to take a pencil and write that down, just address your letter to Jo Grimond, Liberal Party Leader, London. I think his address may one day be a bigger one than that. There are three of us here tonight to esteem him not only as a friend but as a very fine man and a very fine Liberal indeed. And you who have listened to him, will not, I think, disagree with us. Goodnight.

Glyn Tegai Hughes: Nos da ichwi' gyd. Goodnight.

John Bannerman: Beannachd leibh. Goodnight.

Joseph Grimond: Well, thank you very much; it's been very good to have you three here. And it's been very good to have all of you listening out beyond. And I think we may find, all of us, a great and an honest future, together. Goodnight.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Party Political Broadcast

Sir—In THE LISTENER of March 21, Mr. Beveridge argues that I claim too much for the effect of science, invention, and technology on the standard of life. He claims on the other hand that all these are powerless in themselves to bring about an increase in general well-being, which can only be secured by the gradual development of a planned economy: what he calls a 'rational administration'. I maintain that it is self-evident that science, invention, and technology are much the most important element in increased material welfare.

The new age of invention and industrial progress began of course over 100 years ago. Sir John Clapham, the Cambridge economic historian, states in his book *Life and Labour in*

Industrial Britain that 'a man's real wage was in fact about 50 per cent. more in 1900 than that of someone doing similar work had been in 1850, and the average wage, the mass wage, much more than that, because of the huge transfer in half a century from ill-paid to well-paid work. Real wages, so regarded, had risen not by about 50 per cent. but by about 75 per cent.' This higher standard at any rate must have been achieved by the new means available for the easier production of wealth and the growth of international trading, for Mr. Beveridge, I think, would not agree that it was due to the 'rational administrations' of those days, whether of Conservative or Liberal Governments.

Since 1900, the tempo of invention and the advance in scientific knowledge and industrial

technique have been immensely accelerated. Take at random the invention of the telephone and the motor-car, which alone entirely altered life, and add the inventions of wireless, the steam turbine and all kinds of engineering developments, the aeroplane, the vast progress in chemistry, and the constantly increasing production of new chemical products, the similar progress in plastics and textiles, the huge development of oil, the growth of electronics, and, last but not least, atomic developments, which, I should suppose—if peace continues—is likely again completely to transform life in the next fifty years or even less.

Does Mr. Beveridge really claim that, but for a 'rational administration', none of the benefits of all this could ever have reached the mass of

Sober?

WOULD you, perhaps, use the word 'sober' to describe the dress, the make-up, of the Manchester *Guardian*? This dress is hardly accidental. For the contents of the *Guardian* are sober too—the word 'sober' being used in its fullest meaning of 'moderate, well-balanced, sane, self-controlled, not exaggerated'.

Since no man in his senses would say: 'I prefer a newspaper which is immoderate, unbalanced, insane, uncontrolled, exaggerated' it follows that the *Guardian's* sobriety is a first necessity for those who want the best in journalism.

Yet those who confuse sobriety with solemnity will have a shock when first they take the Manchester *Guardian*. There is no other newspaper which is so quick, so quick-witted, in puncturing the pompous; in laughing at the pretentious; in exposing the hollow men.

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the community—almost in fact that the Fabian Society has been more important than all that I have described above? The fact that all industrial nations, whether their administrations are 'rational' or 'irrational', are advancing at about the same rate, and indeed that one 'irrational' country (if he regards the U.S. Administration as 'irrational') is advancing much the quickest of the lot, proves in my view the correctness of my contention.

I agree that, as our inventions increase, the added complexity of life forces on all countries additional government responsibilities, and extends their sphere.

Having lived and worked through all the years from about 1912 in the world of international banking, I also agree that governments ought to know better now how to control dangerous booms and slumps than their predecessors did, and also that governments since the last war have shown greater wisdom in helping to control economic affairs than they did after the first war, when the most lamentable policies were pursued by the governments of some great nations. Yet, in my view, there is no certainty that the era of booms and slumps is over for good.

It remains a truism however that, had knowledge in the means of producing more material wealth with less human effort not advanced since 1850, nothing that governments themselves could have done would have raised the standard of life. Mr. Beveridge puts the cart before the horse.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.2

BRAND

Control of Monopoly in British Industry

Sir,—I wish to question Mrs. Joan Robinson's statement (in THE LISTENER, March 21) that 'the story of the British Oxygen Company is a typical example of the way that competition creates monopoly'.

Most people would, I think, agree that what they have in mind when they talk about monopoly is something opposite to competition and *vice versa*. To say that competition leads to monopoly is therefore akin to saying that breathing leads to expiration and is therefore bad. It may be truer to say that '*Laissez-faire*' leads to monopoly if you imply by that term a refusal by the government to provide a suitably contrived legal framework for economic activity.

In business and political jargon there have appeared so many different adjectives to the word competition that it is not surprising that confusion arises. When we hear so much about cut-throat competition, unfair competition, wasteful competition we are usually listening to people who are being competed against. We have been bombarded for so long with these terms that our confidence in competition is perhaps not what it was. Even economists, it seems, are having doubts.

Economists from the time of Adam Smith onwards have surely been in general agreement that the competition they have in mind is a market condition which includes free entry into the market. If one says therefore that the process of blocking entry to the market (such as B.O.C.'s activities in buying up patents and plant manufacturing companies) is a process of competition then one is arguing in a circle. Mrs. Joan Robinson states that it is hard to say that the command over patents for machinery was not a normal move in the competitive game. Does this mean that she commends this activity? If so is it not time we reviewed the aims of the patent system? A patent virtually provides a statutory monopoly in a process or product to its owner. To this extent we should accuse the government rather than competition.

Mrs. Robinson further states that the use of the 'fighting company' was to preserve a monopoly position rather than to create it. One finds

it difficult to see the difference between the effects of a monopolistic practice in two points of time—it is still a monopolistic practice and not a competitive one. Mrs. Robinson is nearer the mark at the end of her talk when she said that the decay of competition has been associated with the growth of *protection*. Monopoly arises out of the desire of special groups to stop competition doing its work properly against themselves.

On this question even the Monopolies Commission itself apparently is not exempt from 'the fog that we are all groping in'. It is about time people in this country asked themselves the question: Do we want competition or don't we? It is also about time that economists lost their inferiority complex and told people about the benefits of the prescribed competition of their textbooks. Had Mrs. Robinson the correct attitude when she wistfully complains that nothing happens according to logic and in the meantime we have to muddle along? In her last paragraph she says 'the tendency to monopoly is so deeply embedded that it is hard to see how to root it up without damaging the system'. So the battle is lost before it is won. Mrs. Robinson has obviously given up.

We want a new Adam Smith in this country. The old one emigrated years ago and is now working for Uncle Sam.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

E. G. WEST

'Middle East Crisis'

Sir,—It is interesting to notice that there is at least one simple-minded and trusting person left in the country. It is the reviewer of the Penguin publication *The Middle East Crisis*. He speaks of 'the electorate, which will sooner or later give its verdict on our foreign policy'. It is perhaps unkind to destroy a pleasant fancy like this, but I am afraid that when the electorate does give its verdict it will be so completely absorbed in balancing the values of the bribes offered by the competing parties that our foreign policy, whether right or wrong, will not be given a thought.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

CLAUDE SISLEY

Prospect: School Buildings

Sir,—Mr. Colm Brogan objects to Mr. Blishen's educational cloudland, Mr. Gardiner to Mr. Sharp's Canadian theories. May I tackle the latest exponent of the 'anything but work' conception of the school? Mr. Tatton Brown occupies two pages of THE LISTENER (March 28) in describing what he, an architect, considers should be the design, furnishing, and type of work of these places. As a teacher of long experience I, on the other hand, consider that the architect is the servant of my ideas; that a school building should be functional according to what I, and not the architect, consider its function in relation to the community, and to the work to be done. Am I wrong in thinking that school furniture should suit my pupils and myself, and not only conform to theories of what is good for us? And am I wrong in considering that it is an impertinence for a member of one profession to dictate to another profession how the latter will carry on specialist work?

For instance, I prefer a school to be recognisably a place of learning, and not, as in San Jacinto, to look like a hot-dog stand or the entrance to a petrol-filling station. As a citizen as well as a teacher I also prefer a school, since it is a public building, to have what I consider some recognisable architectural distinction, and not to look like an atomic plant, as in the other illustration to Mr. Tatton Brown's talk. I am the classroom expert, not Mr. Brown, and I prefer to work as far away as possible from a

common lavatory; I also prefer to work in a room which is not a hot-house, for six months of the year and an erratic icebox for the remainder. I also prefer furniture which is heavy or screwed to the floor, since it is quiet and does not exacerbate my nerves, nor does it disturb the mental concentration which I, the educational expert, desire to create during teaching time. Since I am a Scotsman and not an American, I prefer a desk at which I can stand and teach rather than a table at which I am compelled to sit.

Mr. Brogan, Mr. Gardiner, and myself are at a serious disadvantage in that we, who may claim to represent a section of the community at least as intelligent, and certainly as well-informed, as the three theorists who have given rise to our criticisms, must compress our rebuttal into the narrow space of your letter columns, whereas the 'experts' are given not only generous broadcasting time to propound their ideas but also considerable space in print to repeat them. The balance is demonstrably unfair, and might I suggest that, to rectify it, the B.B.C. consider a broadcast forum on the whole subject, matching the three critics against the theorists?—Yours, etc.,

Thornliebank,
Renfrewshire

D. GOODALL

Wyndham Lewis

Sir,—In none of the obituary notices on Wyndham Lewis that I have seen has any reference been made to the keen interest he took in radio during his last few years. This might be presumed from the broadcast adaptations of his work which he undertook—'The Chiltern Mass', 'Monstre Gai', 'Malign Fiesta', 'Tarr'—and the forthcoming production of 'The Revenge for Love'. But apart from his own works, he was a regular listener to all creative broadcasting, and had a very keen appreciation of the spoken word and dramatic performance.

Before casting any of his works for which I was responsible, I discussed them with him at some length, and his occasional appearances at rehearsal had a notably galvanic effect upon all and sundry. It was upon a hint of Lewis' own, incidentally, that Donald Wolfit finally based his masterly interpretation of *The Bailiff*.

Lewis himself, in his younger days, had been a vigorous performer of his work. He made his own recording for Harvard of 'One-Way Song' (which I hope we shall soon be able to broadcast) and was fond of reading his prose aloud. Indeed, it was this interest in oral performance which probably explained the astonishing resilience and toughness of his creative prose style. No writing I know speaks better or more trenchantly over the microphone.

It is pleasant to think that after the loss of sight radio was able to give Wyndham Lewis some consolatory pleasure. And it is interesting to remember that the additional scenes he wrote for his radio adaptations were among the last creative work that he undertook. Only one of them has so far appeared in print: it is the short scene which ends the recent reissue of 'The Chiltern Mass'.

Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.3

D. G. BRIDSON

Langland's 'Piers Plowman'

Sir,—Would you allow me to express in your columns some appreciation of the readings of Langland's *Piers Plowman* which have been broadcast on the Third Programme?

Until now this wonderful vernacular work of English fourteenth-century man has been fully available only to those very few among us who were competent Middle English scholars. Others of us, it is true, what with this aid or

that, may have become sufficiently acquainted with the text to enjoy a good bit of its content and to respond to its feeling. But there was, for most of us, one element which eluded our efforts: the actual pronunciation. Now, these broadcasts devised by Mrs. Elizabeth Zeeman, of Girton, and read by Mr. Gary Watson, do get us much nearer to the aural beauty of the poem which before we had to guess at.

It should, I think, be noted that it is the employment of sensitised scholarship which is here the effective agent whereby this Middle English poem has been made more viable for us today without recourse to translation. Truly the text has been very slightly modified in places, but we are, in these broadcasts, hearing something which approximates to the original sounds; and that is a great gain.

In one passage Langland wrote:

... and Rose the dissheres,
Godfrey of garlekehithe, and gryfin the walshe
And upholderes an hepe ...

and in saying *Deo gratias* for these Third Programme broadcasts I speak as one having some consanguinity with 'gryfin the walshe', and I do very much hope that the English Roses, Godfreys, and upholsterers among listeners and among your readers are saying *Deo gratias* too. Certainly they should be; for if ever there was a work that could be rightly described (along with the embroideries) as *opus anglicum* it is this work done when, as the simple statement reads, 'William Langland made pers plowman'.

Though no work could be more belonging to this island, or be more rooted in a given locality and its people, yet, at the same time, no work could be more dependent on something other: the religion-culture, without which the poem could not, conceptually, have been. Not only the poet's 'maistres and doctours' but everything within his purview is, in some sense, 'under criste and crounyng in tokne'.

Professor George Kane's broadcast entitled 'The Symbol of Piers' should be mentioned as contributing to a further understanding of the work within its context. I would conclude by again paying tribute to the Third Programme for giving us a fresh glimpse of this crucial, but somewhat obscured, bit of our heritage.

Yours, etc.,

Harrow-on-the-Hill

DAVID JONES

The Dilemma of the Personnel Officer

Sir,—I would suggest that there is certainly a need to find a new title for the personnel manager, not primarily because the word personnel sounds 'detestable' but because he does not manage personnel. The dilemma of the personnel manager is that he believes himself to be responsible for personnel functions—selection, training, promotion, dealing with grievances and so on, and yet he knows that, as Mr. Blair-Cunynghame says, 'general management must ultimately be responsible for every aspect of the management function'. Thus personnel managers are forced into self-contradictory statements. If the production manager manages production and personnel, and the sales manager and accountant manage sales and personnel, and accounts and personnel, the only personnel left for the personnel manager to 'manage' are those in his own department, who must then obviously be redundant. The leading text-book on personnel administration even goes further and says that 'management is personnel administration' (Pigors and Myers). If the main functions of the production, sales, and other managers is to manage personnel—and this is really a truism—then the title personnel manager must be abandoned.

Any new title for the personnel manager must reflect his real position in industry: he runs, or

should run, an advice bureau on human relations in industry, and keeps records of any facts he thinks necessary for the giving of such advice. It is only in this way that the damage he has done to human relations—by allowing the production and other managers to think they can safely transfer their responsibility for personnel to a specialist officer—can be rectified.

Yours, etc.,

Llanelli

D. J. LEWIS

Oxford Moral Philosophy

Sir,—I mentioned six things about the sort of moral philosophy that is taught at Oxford. Here are my sources:

(1) Criticism of Plato's belief that a just society would be one whose members were just, because 'just', said of society, may be a term like 'well-arranged'. Source: Mr. Williams' *Republic* class at Oxford.

(2) The 'high' notion of responsibility for the future, as limited only by our capacity to calculate consequences. So no getting out of doing something just on the ground that it is a bad kind of action, like murder, sodomy, treachery. This is 'consequentialism', and is different from old-fashioned Utilitarianism. If you attack it, Oxford philosophers always start imagining cases in which you 'ought' to do such a bad kind of action because of the particular consequences. Source: any such discussion.

(3) The 'gentle' idea of responsibility for a part action: it's unfair to make someone in good standing a 'scapegoat' for what he did, which clearly had all sorts of causes. Source: that's what was said by some who servilely rushed to vote the degree promised to Mr. Truman by the politician who is our Chancellor. And Mr. Nowell-Smith has a charming piece on repentance: if you are one (evidently rather snivelling) type, you 'dwell on the past', you think of the moral law as 'imposed on you from outside', because this is 'comforting'. But if you are another (more manly) type, you find that idea 'slavish'; you regard moral rules as much less 'important' than your own 'principles and policies', and you concentrate on the future. (*Ethics*, pages 315-6.)

(4) The noble feeling for suffering. Again, a standard move in discussions: one would *have* to do such-and-such, if it was the way to avert suffering. Fanciful examples are invented. We have heard Mr. Hare constructing a case involving a lot of Heath Robinson apparatus to show you might have to decide to roast a baby alive and eat it!

(5) Constant modification of 'principles' so as to 'effect the ends you choose to pursue'. Source: Mr. Hare's book, page 62.

(6) Wrong to impose a rigid code of morals on your children in a changing world. Source: Mr. Hare's book, pages 74-5.

Whether, as I said, all this 'suits with' the things characteristic of present-day England which I mentioned, I leave it to readers to judge. But what's all the fuss about? Don't most people find all those things quite admirable?

The philosophers aren't angry with me because I misrepresented them, but because I represented them truthfully. Really, their only objection should be that I laughed at them.

Mr. Heckstall-Smith's demand is unreasonable. It is as if he were to say 'But what's your starting-point when you speak of cancer as really a disease?' If the world were full of doctors saying "Disease" is really only an objection-expressing term' and acting accordingly, and someone objected to *them*, it would not be reasonable to say 'Just state your starting-point in a few words'.

Professor Leon is wrong in saying these philosophers don't preach a 'way of life'. They profess not to, but they do all the same. And the 'way' is: conformity to the world.

Mr. Hare is correct in guessing that I think Kant's doctrine on the autonomy of the will bosh—and incoherent bosh at that. The phrase 'legislating for oneself' is an absurd one; whatever a man does 'for himself' is not legislating. And, as someone or other once said, the 'law' administered to oneself by oneself is much like Sancho Panza's whacks on his own bottom.

Here is a pretty passage from Mr. Hare on moral precepts learned in youth:

If, when we did as we were told, the total effects of our so doing, when they happened, were always such as we would not have chosen, had we known, then we should seek better advice, or if prevented from so doing, either work out our own salvation or become moral defectives. (*Language of Morals*, page 71.)

Now you know what you are if, as you become grown-up, you stick to some moral precept although some foul tyrant is able to see to it that the total effects are always such as you wouldn't have chosen, had you known them. A moral defective.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

G. E. M. ANSCOMBE

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Style and Vision

Sir,—The difference between Mr. Newton and Mr. Hammond is, I think, quite fundamental. Mr. Hammond is trying to obtain recognition for one of the, as it were, 'technical' arts. Mr. Newton, on the other hand, seems unwilling to recognise that art and technology have a large common denominator. Indeed, technology is, in a sense, craft writ large, and art without craft is just about as valueless as Mr. Newton's mathematics without reference. Why compare the commercial excellence of Cézanne and Cartier Bresson? Surely on such a basis the larger turnover on gambling and cinema shows their superiority to dabbling with paint?

To be a little more serious, Mr. Newton, I suspect, confuses recording with translation, for the criticisms which he levels against photography are those levelled against an instrument rather than a process. I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Newton is unaware of the variation in the translation of perspective to be brought about by changing lenses, and it is now safe to claim that almost every schoolboy knows a little of the way that colour filters alter tonal rendering. The suggestion that the camera is a tool designed to produce *objective* records of visible objects is therefore either a disarming simplification or an interesting prejudice-revealing error: it is certainly unworthy of a serious critic of the visual arts. But perhaps after all Mr. Newton's underlying mistake is the common academic weakness for judging alien subjects by the criteria of one's own.—Yours, etc.,

Rickmansworth

CRAWFORD ROBB

Kenneth Grahame

Sir,—I am collecting material for a new study of Kenneth Grahame, the author of *The Wind in the Willows*, and would be glad to hear from any of your readers who possess information concerning him, whether as writer, banker, or private individual. I am particularly anxious to examine letters, photographs, or other relevant documents which have not been previously published. All such documents lent to me will be treated with scrupulous care, and returned to their owners as soon as possible.

Yours, etc.,

55 Oakley Gardens,
London, S.W.3

PETER GREEN

Science or Fiction?

By JOHN BOWEN

NO one would expect to find literary controversies in science fiction, but in fact there is one. Which is better: to make one's fiction scientifically accurate or one's science agreeably fictional? Two alternative answers are given by two recently published books. The first of these is *Science and Fiction* by Patrick Moore*; the second, a book of short stories, *Space, Time and Nathaniel* by Brian Aldiss†.

Mr. Moore is a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and he is the author of several books of what is sometimes called popular science. His thesis is that the science in science fiction should be strictly accurate. 'Either we must keep to science as we know it', he writes, 'or else we must allow our imaginations full rein, and abandon the hope of making the scientific story a recognised branch of true literature'. Mr. Aldiss, on the other hand, whom you may remember as one of the winners of *The Observer* science fiction competition of 1954, writes in the introduction to his book: 'Science fiction and poetry have much in common. Both have a sly, surprising music; neither is particularly easy to write'.

Helping the Suspension of Disbelief

For Mr. Aldiss is one of those who use the science in science fiction as a means. He knows that his readers' suspension of disbelief is not all that willing; it has to be helped a little, because although children will accept magic, grown-ups like to have it explained, even if they do not always understand the explanation. In a science fiction 'Cinderella', those famous mice would have to be exposed to gamma rays, which would simply speed up the whole process of evolution by which, in any case, mice eventually become footmen. This would not do for Mr. Moore and those whom he calls the 'New School', because they would say that the fiction is the means by which the science is made palatable to laymen. These purists suffer, it seems to me, from a fundamental misconception about the purpose of what Mr. Moore would call 'true literature'. 'There are many people who will never force themselves to read a technical book', he writes. 'They will, however, devour a well-written novel'. There is to be no willing suspension of disbelief at all for Mr. Moore because his readers are asked to believe nothing that is not already capable of scientific proof—and when he uses the word 'science' he does not even seem to include the social sciences; 'science' for Mr. Moore means physics but not economics, physiology but not psychology, astronomy but not anthropology. Luckily the 'New School' of writers seems to be small and rather ill represented in the publishers' lists, and, since they so resolutely avoid almost every challenge that science fiction gives, it is not likely that they will flourish; the soil is too rich for them.

For space and time travel—however Mr. Moore may forbid them—are two of the staples of science fiction; they figure in at least six of every ten pieces published. Both raise interesting problems which it takes something more than mere scientific accuracy to solve. Let us consider space travel. Science alone will take us so far, and the *Boy's Own Paper* kind of science fiction makes much of the business of using rockets to propel one's space craft out of the earth's atmosphere and gravitational pull. But what happens when we want to venture outside our own solar system? The journey would take thousands of years. This is the sort of problem which involves imagination for its solution. In James Blish's *Earthman, Come Home*, the problem was solved by having whole cities take to the air by the use of an anti-gravitational device called a 'spindizzy', their populations preserved against death by a special drug. A more usual response to this particular challenge is to invent an overdrive. This may be what Mr. Aldiss is thinking of when he compares science fiction to poetry—or, he might say, to advertising copy: it is the magic of a felicitous word that suddenly makes the incredible credible. Motorists take overdrive for granted, so why should not readers of science fiction? And, since the word is already familiar in another context, there is no need for the science fiction writer to explain how the space-ship's overdrive works. So, tight within our space ships, powered atomically and equipped with the magic overdrive,

we can shuttle from one solar system to another, even from one galaxy to another, spreading our 'Terran' culture wherever we go.

Since the whole imaginable universe is open, there is no reason why planets should not be discovered which support some form of life: at any rate, Mr. Moore's telescopes are not, and indeed could not be, powerful enough to disprove it. Usually in science fiction such life is animal, though not often human; beaks, antennae, and tentacles are popular pieces of bodily equipment. Occasionally we come up against mineral life. For example, a recent film, 'X the Unknown', featured a living mass of molten rock which 'ate' radioactivity. In science fiction the Life Force can enter into anything. Sometimes it exists as no more than pure thought without any bodily casing. But whatever the form of alien life, there is always a problem of the communication of ideas, and it is this problem that writers of science fiction almost invariably shirk. They are ready enough with the means of communication. This is often by telepathy, sometimes by the use of translating machines. Occasionally communication is visual—by flashing lights or a quivering skin surface or, in one case, in a series of jazz twitches, explained in some dotty double talk like: 'Your concepts aren't visual; they're kinesthetic'. But visual, tactile, telepathic, kinesthetic, mechanical, in almost every case what is transmitted is a human concept, rooted in human experience. Only two writers that I can remember have faced up to the idea that, even telepathically, beings without any community of experience cannot communicate at all. One of these stories is included in the Faber collection *Best Science Fiction* and it deals with the affairs of the 'prot', whose chief preoccupation, a human biologist discovers after months of telepathy, lies in —ing the —.

Talk of telepathy brings me to mutants, who are popular characters in science fiction, although Mr. Moore, who believes that science fiction ought to be cheerful, would like to forbid them. Mutants, 'mutes' or 'muties', as they are called, are deviations from the human norm, whose condition has been caused by the increased radioactivity that we keep pumping into the atmosphere. In science fiction, mutants do not usually suffer from many of the horrifying disasters listed by Wayland Young in his article on 'Mutation Morality' in February's *Encounter* because that might incapacitate them altogether from taking part in the plot; but they do tend to have extra fingers and toes, hair all over their bodies, and even (in one story) two heads. As a compensation, they are sometimes allowed telepathy, and, in John Wyndham's novel *The Chrysalids*, by this means they eventually oust the norms altogether.

I shall return to John Wyndham because he is the author of an interesting theory of time travel. Although again the 'New School' must disapprove, time travel is a favourite theme of science fiction and time is now treated—very properly, no doubt—as another dimension in which solid bodies can travel backwards as well as forwards.

The Time Warp

One of the 'dimensional' ways of treating time involves the 'time warp'. Unlike the overdrive the time warp is something that does need to be explained. The best explanation I can remember compares the time warp to a folded silk handkerchief on which a drop of ink has been spilled: the ink connects the silk on both sides of the fold, although when the handkerchief is unfolded the two ink-stained patches are far apart. Then, too, something is assumed to happen when one begins to travel at a speed faster than light. Time, under those circumstances, is supposed to be reversible. This happened, you may remember, to the

... young lady named Bright,
Who travelled much faster than light.
She started one day
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

Nowadays writers of science fiction send space ships through the years as easily as through space itself; over and over again they crash like thunder through the time barrier or slip noiselessly through folds in the curtain of time with a cargo of atom bombs to blow the Earth to



the things they say!



*Everybody keeps talking about increasing production — but how are we going to do it,
if we don't have more people in our factories?*

We'll all have to work more efficiently — managements included.

I've heard that one before. Most of us work hard enough as it is.

*I didn't say harder — I said more efficiently. We've got to learn to cut out all forms of
waste in the way we use our machines and materials. Most important of all,
we've got to stop wasting human effort.*



And how's that done?

By studying the way we work in our factories and offices.

By raising our productivity, in fact.

And are we actually raising it now?

Certainly. The national average is going up at the rate of 3% each year.

Is that the best we can do?

*Not if the more progressive firms are any criterion. In I.C.I., for
example, since the war productivity has been increasing, on the average,
at nearly three times the national rate.*



bits before the Terrans have even begun to evolve from an amoeba. I remember one story in which two warring groups of humans and androids (an android, by the way, is a manufactured human who cannot reproduce) kept sending spies back into time to change the course of history and rewrite the texts, from which eventually their war aims would be taken. It was necessary for the androids to have a kind of *Das Kapital* which foretold the android revolution, while the humans were trying to prevent this book being written.

An Infinity of Futures

The difficulty is to make this logically satisfying. Not many writers of science fiction make any use of J. W. Dunne or Vico, but John Wyndham has used in some recent stories an interesting variant of their ideas. Mr. Wyndham posits an infinite number of futures; there are in fact as many futures as there are alternatives to every choice that every human being is ever required to make, and so each future in its turn splits into other futures as it goes along. Since that one first act of will which began the process, and back to which all futures can be traced, there has been an almost incomprehensible proliferation. Nevertheless, many of the infinite number of presents which all exist simultaneously are remarkably close, so it is possible for a personality to slip, accidentally or by design, from one to another, to stay in a present not its own, and to return or to get lost and become deranged. It is a pretty way to play with time, but it has no place for space ships—or, perhaps I should say, time ships.

Mr. Edmund Crispin has said in an essay that science fiction has rediscovered original sin. I do not know that original sin has needed rediscovery—it never seems to me to have been very far away—but I would agree that most writers of science fiction are moralists. It is not easy for a contemporary novelist to be a moralist. He is too conscious of the complexity of society and human behaviour, and in distinguishing between shades of grey he forgets the possibility of black or white. But the writer of science fiction sees black clearly. He has the clear and rather narrow vision of the ancient prophets, although his god is not usually Jehovah, but common sense, the kind of transcendent common sense that cuts across the tangled interrelationships of society, saying simply, 'This is the right thing to do'. Consequently science fiction is much given to Utopias. The two most common Utopias are the Scientists' Aristocracy and the Anarchy of Civilised Men.

The Scientists' Aristocracy has a solid Aristotelian pedigree. It rests on the belief that good government is better than self-government. Scientists, it is implied in such a book as Mr. David Duncan's *Another Tree in Eden*, are people who have more intelligence and a greater sense of responsibility than the average man. Since people of low intelligence cannot be educated into responsibility, but nevertheless in a democracy have equal political rights, it is easy for unscrupulous persons to organise the resentments and apathy of the sub-normal to attack the super-normal. Scientists, it is sometimes claimed, would have developed atomic power for peace; it is the politicians and soldiers who have given it another turn. Therefore, let the scientists take over, redirecting the uses of atomic power, controlling the growth of population by a skilful and unobtrusive use of contraceptives, weeding out the unfit by selective breeding, irrigating deserts and mopping up dust bowls, growing giant vegetable marrows in small saucers of water and chemicals, abolishing degrading manual labour by increased automation, until eventually, one supposes, everybody is a scientist, and we can have a shot at a polity again. An alternative to this taking over control is that a group of the scientists themselves may decide that there is no living on an earth in which they are for ever being questioned by sub-committees of the Senate, and they take off to found a new world on their own. Sometimes, as in 'The Shape of Things to Come', they have to leave because the Earth is about to be destroyed.

Anarchy after the Atomic Explosions

As for the Anarchy of Civilised Man, often, as in *Into the Tenth Millennium*, a recent book by Mr. Paul Capon, it succeeds a catastrophic disaster—some sort of atomic explosion which kills off the majority of men but miraculously leaves the Earth unspoiled. There follows an idyllic state in which everyone has leisure, intelligence, and the physical means of life; everyone behaves in a sociable and common-sense way, and there is no need for government. If Rousseau's General Will were ever to operate practically there would be no need for government, of course, and in such stories it does so operate; the needs of society and the individual are identical, and all the passions that cause us to commit

crimes are subject to the spirit of reason. In this sort of society there would not even be room for the 'metallaws' of Mr. Haley, who is general counsel to the American Rocket Society and a partner in a Washington law firm. Mr. Haley is even now at work on a code to govern the relationships between intelligent beings communicating between planets.

I mention Mr. Haley because he is a bridge, it seems to me, between Mr. Moore and Mr. Aldiss—between the purists and the poets of science fiction. For here is a practical lawyer making a legal code out of the stuff of daydreams. If the Moores follow the Aldisses, if they take the daydreams seriously and set about translating them into fact, science fiction will cease to exist; it will become merged in the general stream of fiction, and novelists of the future will take overdrive and the time warp as much for granted as Virginia Woolf would take a double-decker bus. Even today, the *genre* is wide enough to make definition difficult. It could be held to take in C. P. Snow, George Orwell, and David Karp. Certainly you can find in science fiction the influences of Samuel Butler, Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, E. Nesbit, and John Buchan. There are science-fiction stories that would not be out of place in the *Blue Fairy Book*, while others are sold furtively under the counter in the back-street shops of newsagents. I prefer to say, even now, that a book is science fiction if you think it is. And if you think it is, and you think you are enjoying it, it probably is, and you are.

—Third Programme

Wages and the Common Market

(continued from page 540)

It may be asked: What about the rank and file, will they follow the lead? It may be that the leadership at the lower level is not as informed and therefore not as good as at the top. But the rank and file of the trade unions have the same characteristics as the rest of the British nation. Once they are convinced that their future prosperity is at stake, of the necessity of taking action to preserve that future, and they approve of the proposed action they are more likely to spur their leaders on than they are to hold them back.

More than this is necessary. The general council must be able not only to formulate policy but to implement it. This means they must be given negotiating powers. For if prices are to be the focal point of trade union policy then it must be a national policy nationally applied. This means that employers as a whole must conform, which in turn means top level and comprehensive negotiations and decisions. This requires the employers' organisations to change their structure. That indeed may be asking the impossible, because it means asking the individual employer to transfer his ability to make profit to an authoritative body. He will be even less inclined to do this than the trade unionist is inclined to limit his wage claims.

To sum up: the Customs Union Treaty for the six community countries is in its final stages of implementation. It has been signed by the Prime Ministers and now awaits final approval by the respective parliaments. When it comes into force the establishment of a co-operating free trade area becomes almost certain, if not an imperative necessity as far as this country is concerned. It is generally agreed that this will subject our share in the European market to much fiercer competition; that our share is so important for our national economy, that we cannot afford to lose it; that we can only hold and expand it if we are competitive in price, quality, and delivery; that we are unlikely to attain these objects with a *laissez-faire* policy; that it is no use waiting fifteen years before we start thinking about new ways and means to meet the threat to our economic well-being; that the need for fresh thinking is not confined to one section of the nation but to all; and finally that the trade unions by themselves cannot deal with the situation but that they can play an important part.

From here to where? I would suggest that as soon as the present controversy over wages has blown over—and by comparison with the issues I have been discussing it is an ephemeral controversy—the Government should summon a top-level conference with employers and trade union leaders. The partial solution posed in this talk may be the first to be discarded and others more practical, if less effective, may be suggested; but, as the history of the Common Market has shown, big changes are seldom made unless idealists have paved the way.

—Third Programme

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Producer and the Play

By Norman Marshall.

Macdonald. 30s.

OPERA AND DRAMA are the arts demanding most co-operation and they are habitually practised by people temperamentally incapable of co-operation. Hence every production may well be a battle as well as a partnership. With three parties to the play (and the battle), the author, the actor, and the producer or director, obviously the rule of a balanced triumvirate would be ideal. But it is rarely achieved. Sometimes the actor is easily supreme in public estimation and so in power. He can be king in his own house, as he was in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Sometimes the author counts most, as in the drama of Ibsen, Shaw, and the European 'Free Theatre' movement. More recently the producer has arrived to conquer, altering stage-craft and theatre-structure to suit his purposes, making puppets of the actors, and regarding the author's work, both ancient and modern, as malleable stuff to be shaped and even mangled by this all-knowing superman.

Mr. Marshall, a keen observer as well as a practitioner of theatrical production, has watched this triangular tussle in recent and present times. Loyal to his craft, he concludes that 'the healthiest, most enterprising and most exciting kind of theatre for playwright, actor and audience is the Producer's theatre'. This is not an opinion which actors who have their initiative broken and tempers frayed by autocratic producers would endorse: nor would it be accepted by Shakespeare-lovers who have seen the helpless author abominably mishandled by the vanity of the would-be-clever school. Nor, in fact, is this last sweeping verdict supported by what precedes it, since Mr. Marshall is keenly and rightly critical of pretentious innovations by exhibitionist producers. In the case of Shakespeare he is wholly impatient of those who let the words be gabbled or thrown away while all the care is devoted to ingenious action and decoration as though the poet had only been offering themes for a choreographer.

It is obvious throughout Mr. Marshall's chronicle of the contemporary theatre and his judgement upon it that he wants due justice for all three parties of the play: surely he must see that if he finally concedes such pre-eminent virtues to the producer's theatre he is endangering the status of author and actor. The producer's theatre must be what the various producers make of it: it is not in itself either healthy or unhealthy. Those who distrust it most are not partisans of any other supremacy; they know that Shaw's later plays show the author's theatre at its most didactic and least theatrical; they know that the audiences who cared only to see the rival actor-managers in classic or romantic roles cared hardly at all what sort of play they chose or what they did to Classic texts. If triangular battle there must be between the parties, the happiest result is when the forces are evenly matched and there are no unconditional surrenders.

That really is the logical conclusion of Mr. Marshall's acute studies of recent theories and practices. Tree's spectacular romanticising, Granville-Barker's social realism, Stanislavsky's deep involvement of the studious actor, Brecht's contrary theory of the actor's alienation from his part, and all the vagaries of constructivism and of devotion to the arena stage. In his

analysis of present fashions such as that for theatre-in-the-round he is particularly cogent. With good reason does he enquire why the so-called 'picture-stage' has lasted for three centuries. The public wants, naturally, to get value for its money by seeing and hearing fully visible and audible actors speaking the words of an author with a story to tell and something to say. Theatre-in-the-round makes that impossible, because the actor, with an audience encircling his central arena, must speak some lines to one part of the house and some to another, frequently turning his back on many of those who wish to see and hear him.

We may be grateful to Mr. Marshall for his opposition to this nonsense and for his expert analysis of production in our time. But his concluding opinion, already quoted, remains open to challenge by authors, actors and public. The business of the producer is to interpret the author's intention—nothing less, and no more. But this of course assumes that the author has indeed got a clear intention and can state it in his text. Which, the producer will say, is not always the case.

First Flights. By Oliver Stewart.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

In collecting together the similar, and in stressing the often disregarded, Major Stewart has performed a useful service with thoroughness and sobriety. In this compact chronicle, the history of flying appears as a series of signal, dangerous exploits superimposed. Event presses on event, and this very foreshortening of perspective communicates something of the almost maniacal speed of development of aeronautical science, surely the most rapidly developed form of human endeavour yet known. The airmen overtax the engineer's product; the engineer designs beyond their apparent ability. Challenge prompts the expedient in which discovery consists. Major Stewart covers the usual ground, from Lilienthal to the 'flying bedstead', but also pays timely tribute to such figures as Sir George Cayley (born 1773), for an astonishing prescience of aerodynamics; Northcliffe, for publicity given; Jim Mollison; Pégoud the aerobatic virtuoso, and Cierva of autogiro fame. And Major Stewart is no casual outsider; he has usually been on the spot or in the air, as friend, editor, commentator and historian.

Inevitably, however, an anthology of first flights is fraught with problems of definition, timing, military secrecy and of evading the mere catalogue without seeming tendentious. Major Stewart is an arbiter neither glib nor disputatious. He adduces the facts, announces his principles and takes his choice. Where, as with the first jet flight, the facts are uncertain, he says so and moves on. He pushes himself little except now to snipe at bureaucracy, now to lament the enforced decline of private and club flying in this country, now to advocate the metric system, now to give an eye-witness account of a notable event. Especially interesting is his account of the 'whole new universe of performance' brought into being by the invention and development of the jet engine, a major step forward which he wisely attributes to no single discovery, contending instead that 'in aviation, the greatest advances often await a synthesis; a bringing together of certain apparently unrelated things'.

It would be idle to carp that, for instance,

he makes no mention of the Hoares' flights in the 1920s, or of the American Colonel Billy Mitchell's early efforts at low-level bombing. Neither the peripheral nor the *recherché* tempts him. Common sense curbs any bent for supererogation, and the enthusiast will find as neat a *précis* of the important facts as he might wish. The writing is trenchant, and the chapters are packed with accurate data. The less persuaded reader may, however, find tedious the book's preoccupation with performance figures, albeit their provenance heroic. The *Wisden*-like récital of speeds palls; and those in whom modern science has surfeited the sense of wonder may well decline to be impressed by Major Stewart's closing assertion: 'speed, originally seen as a useless "craze", is now seen as the key to man's liberation from his gravitational cage'. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. More splendid than talk of space rockets is the new goal of vertical take-off, exploiting to the full peripetal motions of the air. Aviation, come full circle, is back with the birds and the inscrutable prodigies of nature. It is ironic, though, that the arms race to prolong the stalemate has pushed aside that old and perhaps ingenuous idea of the love of flying for its own sake.

What I Said About the Press

By Randolph Churchill.

Weidenfeld and Nicholson. 7s. 6d. In this book Mr. Churchill publishes three speeches which he delivered as part of a campaign he has been carrying on to 'clean up' the British press, particularly various Sunday newspapers and two dailies, and a report of the libel action which he brought against Mr. Ainsworth, editor in 1955 of *The People*, and Odhams Press. Mr. Churchill does not state whether this is a *verbatim* report; it has certainly been edited at one or two points. The defence in the case was that the words used in *The People* about Mr. Churchill were 'fair comment on a matter of public interest', but neither Mr. Ainsworth nor any representative of Odhams Press was called as a witness to justify this line of defence, a fact tellingly stressed by the prosecution. Mr. Churchill was awarded £5,000 damages with costs.

The law of defamation in this country cuts both ways. On the one hand, it prevents, or aims to prevent, the press from publishing the kind of 'smear' attacks on public and professional people which are common in American scandal columns and magazines; on the other hand, it makes it more difficult and dangerous to expose genuine wrongs by specifically naming or pointing to the culprits. Mr. Churchill argues that it is doubly difficult to expose the prostitution of the press itself, because not only is the law of defamation an effective protection to newspaper proprietors (since only a wealthy and bold man can afford to run the risk of their bringing a court action) but because of the adage in the newspaper business that 'dog does not eat dog'. (There is also, of course, fear of the power of the press.) The result is that the big newspaper is an institution which is rarely publicly criticised except in Parliament. Yet, according to Mr. Churchill, the commercialisation of a large section of the popular press has reached a point where 'the ordinary reporter or staff writer . . . perhaps has no means of earning his living except on the treadmill of pornography'. Many people will agree with him, and that is

why there is a wide measure of support both inside and outside the journalistic profession for his courageous crusade.

The Scythians. By Tamara Talbot Rice. **Thames and Hudson.** 21s.

The nomads of the central Asian steppes have long exercised a fascination over English literature: Gibbon could not resist their spell, nor could Arnold, and many have trod the roads to Samarkand or Xanadu. And of all the peoples known to have moved across the great grasslands in antiquity, none are more intriguing, and few better documented, than the Scythians. The foundations of Scythian studies in this country were laid with monumental scholarship by the late Sir Ellis Minns half a century ago, but since that time much new evidence has been accumulating, especially as a result of the work of Soviet archaeologists within recent years. A popular but authoritative book on the Scythians and their remarkable art has been needed for some time, and now Mrs. Talbot Rice has produced it for us. Her book is the second in a series devoted to *Ancient Peoples and Places* which in an attractive format, with a full series of illustrations in line and half-tone, are planned to present to the intelligent general reader summaries of current knowledge on aspects of the ancient world.

One of the most interesting features of Scythian culture is that it, like that of the Celts to be discussed in a later volume of the series, is the product of the interplay between the classical and barbarian worlds of antiquity. The steppe areas, where the ecological circumstances favoured the development of societies of semi-nomadic pastoralists, form in part the northern edge of the areas of settled agriculturists among whom urban civilisation first emerged: From the second millennium B.C. onwards one can perceive the evolution, along the zones of contact between the two traditions, of an art embodying an animal style whose ancestry goes back to a remote world of hunters and fishers, themselves the heirs of the Upper Palaeolithic economies. But this art-style is developed in contact with the advanced technologies of the urban civilisations, and their alien traditions of naturalistic and anthropomorphic representation. In Scythian art, and in particular its metal-work (which has the best chance of survival), we can trace this interplay between the two styles in many variant forms, and the dramatic discoveries of Rudenko and others in the frozen tombs of the Altai, where such perishable materials as wood, leather, fabrics, carpets, and even tattooed human bodies were recovered, show the application of pattern and design in every aspect of Scythian life.

Our knowledge of the Scythians is by no means wholly derived from archaeology, for they attracted the attention of historians and chroniclers of the ancient oriental and of the classical world, and Herodotus above all described their organisation and customs in a detail which archaeology has since confirmed. Scythian studies, in fact (again like those of the Celtic peoples), have to blend the disciplines of historian and archaeologist if they are to achieve any validity, and such a double approach is presented in this book.

Mrs. Talbot Rice writes with charm and perception. She is in love with her Scythians and their country, where, 'in the translucent air of a day in early summer', she has watched the excavation of the tombs of these warrior-aristocrats taking place. She uses the evidence of history to describe the people and their development from the seventh century B.C. to the early centuries A.D., and then demonstrates in detail our knowledge of their art and material culture as derived from the excavation of their burials.

Her description of the Altai tombs, with

himself to it, he made a thorough good job of the charm business—to such effect that this is largely the Stevenson that is remembered and, especially, the one that such compilations as Colvin's *comfy* edition of the letters, with its biased selection and silent omissions, have always tended to promote.

The natural Stevenson, however, was an altogether livelier and sharper customer, and this excellent edition of his letters to one of his oldest, and probably his closest, friends will come as a shock to many and (it is to be hoped) a welcome surprise to more. Not that there is

anything in the least alarming or outrageous here, beyond a few snippets of good Scots bawdy that will offend nobody but those who make a *métier* of shockability: but that this racy impressionistic mimic and *raconteur*, his careless, slapdash vigour replacing the cautious 'literariness' of the public figure, is liable to upset the image cradled in the more conventional sort of reader's breast. Charles Baxter, writer to the signet, was a college crony of Stevenson's, developed into his most intimate ally and eventually, when the other finally launched off into his world-wide, and lifelong, search for peace and health, was in entire charge of his financial and literary affairs. Superficially a straight-faced, if not strait-laced, Edinburgh lawyer, he was nevertheless a laconic practical joker of the most attractive sort, and some of the most surprising parts of the correspondence show him and Stevenson engaged in solemnly fooling house-agents and company-promoters. Stevenson could evidently relax, be youthful, childish even, in Baxter's epistolary company in a way that he could not with other more 'serious', more 'responsible' correspondents. Often he lapses into a rich Scots vernacular; at one moment he is imitating Balzac's imitation of Rabelais' French; at another it is a deliciously debunking take-off of a newspaper law-report; sometimes it is excellent impromptu verse, such as this chorus lamenting the dispersal of his old cronies in

the 'public hoose':

For some are died an' buried
An' dootless gane to grace;
And ither some are married,
Or had to leave the place.
And some hae been convertit
An' weirs the ribbon blue;
And few, as it's assertit,
Are gude for muckle noo!

Those who, having put their *Treasure Island* well behind them, feel an unleavened disinclination to turn to his other works, might do worse than start by meeting the 'unofficial' Stevenson who is the hero of this excellently edited and produced collection of hitherto unpublished letters.

An Anthology of English Prose. Edited by Eirian James. Cambridge. 12s. 6d.

Miss James has chosen sixty extracts ranging from Malory to Samuel Butler and written short commentaries upon each of them; but the special feature of this anthology is that it is available in sound as well as in print—in the form of tape recordings or of thirty 78 r.p.m. records (obtainable from the Director, Department of Recorded Sound, The British Council, Albion House, 59 New Oxford Street, W.C.1).



Detail from a wall hanging worked in *appliquéd* felts showing a mounted warrior in the presence of the Great Goddess, from Mound 5, Pazirik, eastern Altai. Hermitage Museum

From 'The Scythians'

illustrations of their main contents, make these remarkable finds conveniently available in an English summary for the first time, and while of necessity many well-known pieces of Scythian art are illustrated, there are a number of unfamiliar, and sometimes exciting, objects presented to us.

R.L.S.: Stevenson's Letters to Charles Baxter. Edited by DeLancey Ferguson and Marshall Waingrow. Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford, for Yale University Press. 42s.

Stevenson was not altogether happily served by his times, his country or his friends. His considerable public encouraged him fruitfully in certain directions, but at the same time there was a gentle but steady pressure put upon him to settle into the cosy Edinburgh *fin-de-siècle* belletrist, laying on thick with his little pen a bogus 'charm' compounded chiefly of pedantic and archaic humour, tawdry ornament and self-conscious whimsicality—so many thousand words a day, and (certainly) quite a decent little sum per thousand. Stevenson was nothing if not an efficient literary craftsman, and a natural-born mimic to boot; so that when he applied

or of five long-playing records (Caedman Publishers, 277 Fifth Avenue, New York 16). The recordings (which incidentally may be bought singly in both cases) have been made by 'senior members of the University of Cambridge' who remain discreetly anonymous. In almost all cases they are excellent—admirably avoiding the actor's vice, so current amongst more profes-

sional readers, of attempting to interpret, even to dramatise, the text instead of simply *presenting* it with music and clarity. The value of such an anthology to schools, and especially in the teaching of English to adult and literate foreigners, needs no emphasis. Miss James' commentary is everything that is to be expected of the better sort of British Council hand-out and,

while it would be idle to pretend, with the publishers, that it is 'a brilliant *résumé* of the resources and development of English prose over five centuries', will be found adequate at a certain level. There is a glossary of difficult words; and a school edition of the book, in limp covers, is available at school-book terms.

New Novels

The Impostor. By Jean Cocteau. Peter Owen. 12s. 6d.

The Widow. By Francis King. Longmans. 16s.

Death of a Huntsman. By H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

READING Dorothy Williams' translation of Cocteau's *Thomas L'Imposteur*, you realise again that, a century later, we are still writing footnotes to *Madame Bovary*. Flaubert's novel is a hundred this year, and still growing. We try to bury it under the martyr's monument of its style. It escapes, and reaches down a shadow among us, by which, consciously or not, we are forced to measure. For *Madame Bovary*'s shadow is of a landmark, not merely in literature, but in our evolution: a pillar marking the junction of two enormous historical changes. By 1857, it was clear that, for the first time, formal religion was losing its hold on a majority of Europeans. It also was clear that, for the first time, a majority of Europeans stood within reach of literacy. Flaubert foresaw the consequences. Henceforth, the mythologies by which men built their lives would be literary ones. Henceforth, tragedy would consist no longer in the disparity between nature and grace but in that between reality and literary illusion. Life, in fact, would henceforth imitate art, forcing a new era on art itself. No more simplicity, unselfconsciousness, or easy acceptance of conventions. Literature must lead a double life, for, to be serious, it must rise above and contemplate itself. Stories could no longer just happen, for behind every story would be the story its characters were trying to act. And so *Emma Bovary*'s chronicle is a classic, as certain legal and medical cases become classics: because it defined, analysed, and prescribed treatment for a hitherto unexplored condition. A century later, still in Flaubert's footsteps, we are still exploring it.

Accept this much, and you must swallow Cocteau. Like everything else of his, *The Impostor* is maddeningly, self-consciously theatrical: a cardboard folly, caricaturing reality with fantastic and exaggerated artifice, trimmed with gingerbread, flooded with luridly implausible pantomime gaslight. Its plot reads like the scenario to a surrealist ballet. In the confused winter of 1914, a moonstruck sixteen-year-old, beglamoured with adventure, manages to borrow a uniform and pass himself off as the nephew of a general. His false name becomes a password to success. He helps a mercurial Polish princess run a ramshackle volunteer ambulance service, of glittering private limousines and crazy taxis, between Paris and the Marne. He wins the love of the princess' daughter. He gets adopted by a front-line regiment of marine fusiliers, carried away by his own fantasy, and ends as a hero. It has the brilliant artificiality of a firework display in which war seems merely the largest, most elaborate illumination. The muddy battlefields of France become the tank-bar for an elegant, inconsequential circus.

But how else, the old ringmaster would argue, can you paint a species whose existence is self-dramatisation? And when you look again, the fantasy is fact. His hero's career closely parallels aspects of Cocteau's own experience in the first

years of the Great War, driving for a voluntary ambulance service and messing with a regiment of marines on the Flemish coast. He, too, chatted with rosy English subalterns in houses with front walls and nothing behind, amid painted canvas sand-dunes concealing the muzzles of howitzers, under the livid mauve limelight of star-shells and the fabulous silver fish-bellies of Zeppelins bound for London. The theatricality is not of his making—the point comes subtly but savagely—but war's. In reality, gloomy men sneeze over cards in a flooded trench, and a German voice, twelve yards away says 'Gesundheit'. War is their role, written for them by a bloody mythology of heroism. Thomas the impostor, caught up in the illusion of his part, charges an enemy patrol crying his false name like a crusader, and falls, shot. Is his death so different, essentially, from the other millions? Tragedy could say little more, in fact, about arms and men, than Cocteau's charade expresses with ironic levity. *The Impostor* was written in 1923. Thirty-four years have only darkened, and lengthened, the shadow it casts.

Francis King's excellent new novel also maps the gulf between reality and a private characterisation. For characterisation as well as character make Christine Cornwell, the widow of his title, what people of her generation used to call a 'sweet' woman. An ideal image of femininity—a sense of what Elizabethans meant by decorum—governs her approach to life: brave, gentle, but never, for fear of becoming unladylike, quite looking it in the eye. For, as an ideal, it has perilous limitations. It is unfeminine, Christine tells her bookish daughter, to become too 'clever'; and the lonely child grows into a brusque, inturned girl, to whose friendships with other women the mother dare give no more explicit word than 'morbid'. It involves uncalculating sacrifice; and Christine sacrifices herself, and the girl, so uncalculatingly for her son that the most doting self-deception can scarcely hide his cruel egoism. Mr. King handles the ambivalent virtues of a code increasingly inadequate to the world into which it has survived with subtlety and justice. He makes clear that Christine's sweetness, with all its failings, is genuine, and precious. In the wreck of their lives, her children conspire affectionately to preserve the cocoon of illusion, without which modern reality would shatter their mother like one of the china shepherdesses her faded prettiness recalls, and her taste favours.

But what makes *The Widow* richer and deeper than just another study in genteel illusion is Mr. King's historical placing of his story. Christine's sensibility, her definition of femininity and herself, are part of her heritage as a survivor of a vanishing civilisation: that of British colonialism. It seems curious how little attention our writers have paid to the central fact of all our lifetimes, a subject crying for its Gibbon: the passing, with its miseries and grandeur, of an empire greater than Rome or Spain. Mr.

King's strikes me as one of the first novels really to reflect, even in a narrow mirror, the peculiar clouded crimson of our imperial twilight. For the loss which cuts in half his heroine's life is more than that of a husband. Christine is the wife of an Anglo-Indian civil engineer, and his death means leaving behind their bungalow and compound full of servants, the club, the polo, the Himalayan summers, for a smallish pension and a flat in Earl's Court. She calls it coming 'home'. In fact, she feels at home only among other retired colonials like herself: grey-haired Rip Van Winkles with paling sunburns, puzzled and uncomfortable in a small, cold country whose fashions they no longer recognise, their houses cluttered, as charms against emptiness, with the trite spoil—brass trays, yellow ivory, and ebony elephants—of latter-day empire. Her widowhood symbolises the shrunken world of them all: their unwanted, chilly freedom, the absence defining what remains. Mr. King writes of them with knowledge and unsentimental sympathy, aware of both their narrowness and their breadth. It would be wrong to call his novel a minor effort. It contains perspectives which hint at the giant canvas awaiting Gibbon's successor.

The four long stories which H. E. Bates has assembled in *Death of a Huntsman*, now, admit no distinction between literature and life. They inhabit a self-contained, monistic universe somewhere between both, a hybrid place too fantastic for life, too solid for fantasy. Mr. Bates must be one of the most vividly evocative writers of English alive, able to conjure up in a handful of words whole landscapes and moods: the brown home-county fields where the quiet, desperate City man of his title story finds an autumnal love; the glassy heat and green volcanic crags of the Spanish island where an exhausted English shipping agent falls victim to an aquiline woman tourist. But it is never possible to ask why his stories happen. They simply do, violence sprouting from the tropical noon, frustration from the twilit, frosty countryside, and so on, like vegetable growths indigenous to the particular climate. Character expresses background, and background character, so perfectly that the line between humanity and landscape melts in an ecological broth of atmosphere, where motivation has dissolved as well. The outcome has a curious boneless flavour, like minor Delius or Debussy; indeed, Mr. Bates evidently conceives his pieces as verbal tone-poems. This kind of unity, achieved with superb mastery of effect, is exceedingly artistic. I feel the need of something more to turn it into art.

RONALD BRYDEN

Among recent publications are: *Leigh Hunt's Literary Criticism*, by Lawrence Huston Houtchens and Carolyn Washburn Houtchens (Oxford, for Columbia, 45s.); *Serial Publication in England before 1750*, by R. M. Wiles (Cambridge, 50s.); *Sophocles: Oedipus at Colonus*, an English version by Robert Fitzgerald (Faber, 15s.).

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

For Your Information

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES that radio in its mixed train of blessings and curses has brought to us is an easy access to a great deal of expert opinion. To learn the views of people who are in a position to speak with authority undoubtedly modifies some of the vulgar errors to which we are prone. But what of the inexpert opinions and unintelligent faces which, week in, week out, infest our screens? Unlike the elderly man in the late Sir Walter Raleigh's poem, I usually love both the human race and its silly face when I meet it in the flesh and more often than not I like the way it talks, but after a week of intercourse with it on the screen I become very much nicer (meaning nastier) in my attitude to it. Looking at it and listening to it while deprived of all communication with it, I am coming to regard a portion of it with a melancholy aversion and whenever a B.B.C. or I.T.V. reporter armed with a portable microphone heaves in sight, I am seized with the gloomiest anticipations.

Let me add at once that these apprehensions are often realised only in part, but equally often there is too much dull, inessential stuff mixed in with the interesting and important, and this detracts much from the impact of the programme as a whole.

But is it not perhaps that these failings are sometimes inherent in this form of programme, especially when it deals with matters abroad? Take two instances. In last week's 'Panorama' we saw Christopher Chataway in Warsaw, and heard him questioning various Poles who replied in an English more or less articulate while the camera recorded the various scenes in which they talked. Mr. Chataway does his job well, though his earlier easy friendliness tends nowadays to harden into an unsmiling official interview, but the number of opinions he was able to collect in a programme of this kind and length was not enough to give us any coherent idea of the prevailing conditions, the less so that the replies to his questions were evidently very guarded.

The scenes the cameraman was able to record suffered from a similar handicap; they were not enough to add up to even a partial impression of the city. The effect of these handi-

caps was that I was left with little more knowledge than before of Warsaw and the state of affairs there. A talk by Mr. Chataway describing his visit and the impressions he gathered would, I am sure, have given the viewer a much clearer and more detailed impression. But in that case the viewer might as well have been a mere listener.

Aidan Crawley's report on the engineers'

of their moods even when their replies showed, as a few of them did, no understanding of the situation, and many of the more intelligent speakers expressed views that, for me, threw new lights on the question. In his manner of interviewing employees and employers alike Mr. Crawley sounds perhaps a little too like the capable headmaster dealing with trouble-making pupils, but he is evidently a likeable headmaster and nobody seemed to resent his businesslike terseness.

It was a relief after all this topical stuff to sneak into a programme which my television accomplice might claim to be mainly his, to hear and see Somerset Maugham in his villa in France talking with Sir Compton Mackenzie about his work as a writer. There was nothing topical about this except the date of the conversation. 'Transantarctic Expedition', on the other hand, was not only up to date but in one detail up to the very minute when David Attenborough rang up Dr. Fuchs at Shackleton Base and had a brief talk with him which was clearly audible.

Dr. Rainer Goldsmith and R. H. A. Stewart, safe in the studio, gave an enthralling account of their appallingly dramatic experiences during the year they and the six other members of the advance party spent in the Antarctic totally cut off from human contact



Shackleton Base, one of the photographs shown in 'Transantarctic Expedition' on March 29

strike in Wednesday's 'Tonight' was a somewhat different matter since it was concerned with a problem in which we are personally involved and about which we already have a great deal of information. Consequently the facial expressions of those he questioned told us much

except by radio. The film and photographs shown were extraordinarily interesting.

What a programme of this kind is giving us is undeniably news, but it is news that stirs the imagination. But when I turn my mind back to the kind of news that is simply topical information and no more it seems to me that television gives us far too much of it—helping after helping of it till the stomach turns—and far too little food for the mind and the imagination.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG



'The Canadian' express train passing through the Rockies: subject of a film in 'Commonwealth Magazine' on March 27

Rough Stuff

THEY CALLED Aulus the Dictator 'the man of seventy fights'. 'Mountain' McClintock was the man of 111 fights, and he never took a dive in any of them. He never took a dive in any of them. You must forgive this occasional record-jamming. The people of 'Requiem for a Heavyweight' on Sunday were inclined to repeat themselves. When they made a point they would make it again, and then have another try so that we should be quite sure about it. Quite sure about it.

DRAMA



'The Wharf Road Mob', a dramatised documentary on March 28, with Edward Cast as the padre, and (left to right) Tony Lyons, Dawson France, and Melvyn Hayes as three 'teddy boys'

At first I thought I might take the count ignominiously in the first minute. There was 'Mountain' having just been knocked out, all bedaub'd in blood, all in gore-blood, as a more celebrated theatrical personage—also a repeater—observes. If I had not known that boxing had become one of the favourite television sports in Barchester and Cranford, I might have heard five sets in six being switched off with an angry click. But most of us, I dare say, hung on to see what would happen to 'Mountain' in Rod Serling's American piece. If we merely learned that a time comes when a fighter must stop fighting, we were grateful at least for the oddly wistful performance of Sean Connery as the man who was once almost the heavyweight champion of the world, almost the heavyweight champion.

I liked Mr. Connery's 'Mountain', from way down in Tennessee, too modest, too bewildered, and too naturally kind to be a connoisseur of the cauliflower ear and the kind of eye the doctor (acted pungently by Fred Johnson) was describing in the first five minutes of the play. I cannot swear that I want to meet any more fight plays except, perhaps, 'The Admirable Bashville', but I am ready to believe that our requiem for a heavyweight spoke appropriately and truthfully for the New York branch of the 'game'. If you fight long enough, it appears, you walk round on your heels, listening to the bells, or you sit in a bar-corner nicknamed the 'graveyard', or you are exhorted by a phoney impresario to fake wrestling matches. Not, of course, that 'Mountain' would do any such thing. He never took a dive in any of his fights. He never took a dive in any of his fights. He never.

It will probably be all right for 'Mountain'. He goes hopefully back towards the Tennessee he has forgotten, sparring with a peculiarly horrid little boy he meets in a train. I think, too, that he will write to the helpful manager of the labour exchange who was clearly, as someone says in 'Bashville', 'ensorced' from the moment she looked at him. (Jacqueline Hill acted her very well on Sunday.)

This is neither a fragrant little play nor a tribute to the noble art (I wonder what Dr. Summerskill thought of it). But its producer, Alvin Rakoff, let it have every chance, and the dramatist ought to go on his knees to Sean Connery, with or without gore-blood. The various thugs and pugs were suitably assorted; George Margo (manager) and Warren Mitchell (second) gave character to a pathetic pair, still upon the endlessly-moving belt at the last: this

time there is a 'new sensation' from Kentucky. True, I lost some of the dialogue which was champed or gargled at us; but I don't think, judging from the quality of the rest, that we missed a great deal, missed a great deal, m.a.g.d. It will be a pleasure to meet Mr. Connery again at any time, though preferably not as a wretch whose mighty thews no more presage destruction to his adversaries. (Yes, 'Bashville', more or less.)

The rough stuff of 'Sailor Beware' is a different matter. Anyway, it is amply clear that Peggy Mount, as the mother-in-law—can there ever be another in our drama?—could have disposed of any heavyweight in the first round. In fact, most of them would have had the towel tossed in on seeing her enter the ring—and I dread to think what she

would have had to say of the towel. In the televised excerpt she reminded me of a great battle-cruiser battering through the piece, every



Sean Connery (on couch) as 'Mountain' McClintock, Fred Johnson as the doctor, and George Margo as Maish in 'Requiem for a Heavyweight' on March 31

speech a broadside. Mount and Mountain: the night was a double event. I am quite certain that if Miss Mount had examined the poor slogger's face in the first scene of Mr. Serling's play, she would have cried (in the spirit of Volumnia, though she might have phrased it differently), 'His bloody brow. . . . It more becomes a man than gilt his trophy.'

Possibly Benny Hill could stand up to Miss Mount: this comedian can cope with anything. He moulds his plump face like the most pliable jelly. His material can be passable, or it can be dreadful; never mind, he moves cheerfully on, and in the recent 'Benny Hill Show', when I lost count of the number of characters he played—did it reach double figures?—his 'Baby Girl' said a good many things about the art of Tennessee Williams. His spiv, helping a friend to buy a suit—'Mountain' McClintock would have called him a 'handler'—had a glibness that might have caused Dixon of Dock Green to run him in on sight. We said goodbye to Jack Warner's Dixon with some regret

No provincial rep. would slip in 'Prometheus' on three or four days' rehearsal. We simply cannot afford to have the solitary national production of this masterpiece got up in that sort of hurry. There were moments when Malcolm Keen, good actor as he is, hardly seemed to know what he was saying, and he made some palpable errors of phrasing. We are not expected to applaud a broadcast of a Beethoven concerto in which the soloist strikes only half a dozen wrong notes. You have no alternative but to make up your



'Many Mansions' on March 29, with (left to right) Ian Colin as Colonel Smith-Brown, Marius Goring as Lester Hockley, David Morrell as Charles Sharp, and John Sharp as Jack Walker

on Saturday. Any rough stuff round Dock Green, and he is on hand, though I can never imagine Mr. Warner with a cauliflower ear, a cauliflower ear, a cauliflower ear. (That play haunts me still.)

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Prometheus Gagged

IN PIPE-DREAMS the critic on the hearth can put the maestro on the mat. I stride into Val Gielgud's office and pin him to his swivel chair with a look as piercing as the adamantine spike that transfixed Prometheus. 'Reforms are in the air', I announce curtly, 'so I'm getting mine in first. Where you go wrong', I continue, settling my feet comfortably on his desk, and accepting votive offerings of coffee and biscuits from shapely stenographic Oceanids, 'is in treating all plays, more or less, as equal. You know they're not'. Mr. Gielgud writhes in his fitters and groans defiantly.

'Take last week', I cut in accusingly. 'You produced "Prometheus" yourself. Did it or did it not get much more rehearsal time than Wednesday's "Dear Octopus"?' Now I'm going to be cruel, Gielgud', I continue, 'only to be kind. Dodie Smith wrote the sort of family play that English actors can do without thinking, there's nothing to it but a bit of wholesome sentiment. "Dear Octopus" can be more than adequately acted on your quickie quota system. Aeschylus', I add, accusingly, 'can not'.

'I know what you are going to say', I interrupt, as he raises an agonised bearded face from the breast to which it had sunk. 'Given the number of plays you have to turn out in the twelvemonth, the budget, and all the rest of it, you have no alternative. The fact remains that Olympian omniscience cannot tolerate that sort of egalitarianism in the National Theatre of the Air.'

'No provincial rep. would slip in "Prometheus" on three or four days' rehearsal. We simply cannot afford to have the solitary national production of this masterpiece got up in that sort of hurry. There were moments when Malcolm Keen,

good actor as he is, hardly seemed to know what he was saying, and he made some palpable errors of phrasing. We are not expected to applaud a broadcast of a Beethoven concerto in which the soloist strikes only half a dozen wrong notes. You have no alternative but to make up your

The following extract is from the Report of the Committee on the Economic and Financial Problems of the Provision for Old Age, 1954. Cmd. 9333 ("The Phillips Report"), Page 34.

Pensions and Capital Accumulation

128. It is evident that pensions are intimately linked with the whole process of capital accumulation and that the scale of pensions that can be contemplated depends, on the one hand on the enhancement of the country's productive power that would result from the building of additional capital assets, and on the other on the ease with which additional savings can be spared for this purpose. If the National Insurance Scheme were conducted on the same principles as a private scheme, then the investment of the contributions would enable valuable assets to be constructed that would eventually furnish the means out of which pensions could be paid. But the Scheme is heading for a deficit that will have to be met out of general taxation, and, to some degree, out of the savings of the taxpayer, so that it will actively impede the very process of capital accumulation on which, implicitly, it rests.

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in the interest of a better understanding of the fundamental problems of providing a higher level of retirement pensions without harm to the Nation's economy.

mind which are the great plays, classical or modern, English or foreign, and treat them accordingly. They must have three or four times the rehearsal you accord to Dodie Smith. If you need to broadcast them half a dozen times at two-monthly intervals through the year to make it economic, so much the better. The great plays ought to be plugged a bit more, anyway, since the commercial theatre cannot now afford to do its duty by producing them at all, unless they are by Shakespeare. The extra repeats might mean you could lose a few of those awful adaptations I have to listen to. Pay no heed', I add, turning lightly but majestically on my heel in the doorway, 'to what Audience Research says about the relative popularity of classics and commercials. I write on your wall in letters of fire Hamlet's commandment: "The censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others". He did not, it is true, specify which one, but I will tell you. He meant me'. And with this super-Shavian parting shot I disappear, the Oceanid's paean of praise pursuing my celestial chariot in the general direction of Oxford Circus.

There was, abandoning the empyrean I admit, a touch of poetry in the idea of winding up the 'Against the Wind' series with 'Prometheus Bound'. It is the archetypal image of the free spirit chained by the body to the slavery of circumstance. It ranges back to the freedoms born of man's first triumphs over the hostile forces of his environment. It leaves the demigod still pinioned and defiant, with the nature of his ultimate reconciliation with Zeus still hidden. (Considering what we are doing to imperil creation with fire from heaven, we can't help feeling nowadays that Zeus also has a point of view.) The drama is nevertheless more difficult to communicate to a modern audience than, say, the 'Oresteia'. Even the scholars have their work cut out to prove that Io is an intrinsic part of it, and one is sorry for any modern actress who must not only the horned moon present but also, as it were, the cow that jumped over it. The main point seems to be the contrast between the feminine spirit that flies the pursuer and ultimately gives birth to the liberator, and the male spirit that stands and defies, creating that which is to be liberated. But the whole work cries out for almost operatic treatment, Wagner at that. Rex Warner's translation does not rise to the great surging rhythms of the passion. A modern production probably also needs a musical score, not only effects like the phantom fire-engine on which Io arrived.

It is only my sense of relative values that leaves the other offerings of a full week to summary judgement. Lawrence Durrell's 'Sappho' in the Third had an Oedipus plot, a Philoctetes plot and several others, and failed to make a coherent drama of them, though there was some fine poetry. Helena Wood's 'A Fighting Man', also in the Third, documented a madness without making a dramatic revelation about it. 'Dear Octopus', admirably acted in the Light, tells us that we shall develop a taste for mental muffins, and I didn't. In 'The Trip to Bountiful' (Home) Margaret Vines and Mavis Villiers proved the superiority of well-rehearsed recent stage performances to script-in-hand studio work.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Choice of Voice

IN A LETTER to this journal last week Mr. W. F. Mainland demonstrated entertainingly, once again, that don does not hesitate to eat don, when he referred to 'the maladroit enunciation of my own tribe'. He suggested that the various versions of the donnish voice and the other

outlandish accents should be avoided by the use of trained actors to read the scripts; their rich, clear voices would be a joy to listen to and would enhance the essential interest of the talks. I think Mr. Mainland's argument is based on a fallacy; I find myself fascinated by the wonderful variety of the academic and intellectual voice that the Third Programme offers, voices that seem exactly right for the subject matter of the talks. Who would exchange Mr. Isaiah Berlin's hectic and tripping rush for even the perfect, smooth delivery of Sir John Gielgud? How would Sir John know just which part of the talk should be read with mounting excitement and which could be thrown away? No, there can be no substitute for the writer of the talk himself, so long as he can be understood. It is up to the producer to get the best results out of the speaker, and I wonder if it isn't here—at least on the Third Programme—that the trouble lies. So often speakers seem to have been given no rigorous rehearsal, are unaware of the small ways in which they might endear themselves to their audience.

These faults, oddly enough, are at their least obvious in unscripted discussion programmes, where the natural deadening which comes from reading is avoided. Last week there was a discussion on the Third Programme, between Mr. Basil Taylor, Mr. Michael Kitson, and Mr. Gerard Frankl, called 'Rediscovering Stubbs'. Mr. Taylor, an expert and accomplished broadcaster, was moderately fired by his enthusiasm for the subject; Mr. Kitson produced the element of doubt with an astringent note to his voice as he wondered whether Stubbs was not great only in the English tradition, but provincial in the context of European painting; unfortunately Mr. Frankl's accent did make it rather difficult to follow the turns of his thought. One had to concentrate hard, and with some listeners the effort might have gone against the success of the programme. But, as in all talks and discussions on the wireless, it is what is actually said that is of far greater importance than the manner in which it is said. The Stubbs discussion was full of excellent things, but perhaps each speaker had too much regard for the opinions of the others. I felt that beyond this amiable but slightly frigid discussion lay another one, with the same speakers putting their ideas more forcefully, spurring each other on by the excesses which are the stuff of argument and discussion.

But to return to the question of manner. Last week Mr. Alfred Noyes gave a talk about a visit he once paid to Swinburne at The Pines, which was printed in THE LISTENER the same week. It was presumably unscripted, and recorded on a tape-recorder with Mr. Noyes *en pantoufles*. The slight hesitations, the conversational rather than literary phrases, and the occasional caesuras in the development all contributed to the charm of the talk, as did the voice that was clearly the voice of an elderly man. But the older the voice the finer it usually is for broadcasting. One only has to think of the late Sir Max Beerbohm, or Mr. Gordon Craig who has to perfection the art of riveting attention and does not hesitate to emphasise a point by banging on the floor with that stick which Irving once used to call for silence on the Lyceum stage. It is such natural touches as this that make the broadcasting of reminiscences live. Mr. Noyes did not play for effect, but one sensed by the change in tone of his voice the seriousness which he attached to his defence of Watts-Dunton, and his denunciation of the dishonesty of T. J. Wise and Sir Edmund Gosse in their efforts to minimise the affection in which Swinburne held the man who doled him out his pale ale—the ultimate allowance of one who had erst clashed cymbals in Naxos', as Max Beerbohm put it.

During the week, Mr. Philip Leon gave a Third Programme talk on 'Our Classic Roots' which most critics, and especially 'New' critics might have heard with benefit. The burden of the last part of his talk was that the Greek creative writers of the classical age were not reflective men, had carefully made no study of literature; it was not their task to dissect literature—this was what Mr. Leon called the 'vivisection of the beloved'. We live in a time of intense literary vivisection, when the word itself has become isolated; and, as Goethe once said, 'Wo der Gedanke fehlt, da stellt das Wort sich ein'.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

Distinguished Recordings

THE B.B.C. has never paid a great deal of attention to the work of contemporary American composers outside the small bunch of better-known, acceptable names, so that we cannot judge whether these few established composers are in fact fully representative of the best of American music today. The occasional, exceptional excursion into less charted territory suggests that they may not be. A year or more ago, I recall the B.B.C. enterprisingly invited the young American composer-pianist, Lukas Foss, to play his Piano Concerto in a studio concert. The same name cropped up again last week through a 'Voice of America' recording (these special recordings, not commercially available, serve an admirable purpose in filling up gaps in our knowledge of American music, and I hope that the B.B.C., failing live performances, will continue to transmit them).

The work by Lukas Foss, 'The Song of Songs', turned out to be one of the most impressive new vocal works—of any nationality—that I have heard for a long time. It is a four-movement cantata, the text from the Song of Solomon, for soprano and orchestra. It was sung, with rich and thrilling quality, by the American Ellabelle Davis. It is straightforward music, with strong, firm lines, economic but not bare in texture. Its plainness of utterance is perhaps a characteristic of much modern American music. But the plainness—at any rate in this example—does not make for lack of animation. Each movement is memorable. I remember with particular pleasure the gentle six-eight Aria ('Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field'); the following dramatic and florid setting of 'By night on my bed I sought him'; and above all the simple yet entirely original opening of the last movement ('Set me as a seal upon thine heart'). The simplicity here is comparable to that achieved so often by Vaughan Williams, though the idiomatic resemblance between the two composers is small.

As a matter of fact the second work in this same programme was Vaughan Williams' Fourth Symphony, played—as was the work by Foss—by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Mitropoulos. Anyone who heard this conductor's interpretation of the symphony at the Edinburgh Festival will have been prepared for its quite overwhelming impact and its extraordinary clarity even in the finale, which can so easily sound chaotic. I trust that the composer, who has always been uncertain whether he liked this symphony or not, was converted by Mitropoulos' performance!

It is good to see rather more programme space being devoted to the music of Prokofiev, a composer much underrated in this country. Perhaps one day we shall have a broadcast series of all the symphonies, two or three of which have, astonishingly, never been done in England. In the meantime some of his piano sonatas, another remarkable and extensive series, are

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being heard in the Third Programme, and last week Monique Haas gave a good account of the Seventh Sonata. What a composer of extremes Prokofiev was, a mixture of aggressive masculinity and enchanting delicacy. In this sonata, the outer movements are positive examples of the former trait: the first movement is marred by a certain dryness, while the finale may have proved for some listeners a too incessantly battering experience, though I found its machine-like energy invigorating. In between, as in some of the other piano sonatas, there is an intermezzo type of movement whose main, slightly sentimental idea is one of utter charm

and sticks with almost maddening persistence in one's memory.

An Austrian recording, taken at last year's Bregenz Festival, of Nicolai's 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' was broadcast complete. 'The Merry Wives' has, we all know, an overture. It is about all we do know and a splendid piece it is. The opera itself has held its place abroad but has never established itself here. Judging purely from this broadcast, I found that the attractions promised by the overture are not quite maintained. There is too much music of a routine nature, though it is always well managed and adeptly written for the

voices—not for nothing did this German composer study in Italy. True man of the theatre too, Nicolai saw to it that the concluding pages of each Act were really up to standard—one can hear him slipping gaily into top gear a few minutes before the final curtain. Indeed practically all of the last scene of the whole opera (in Windsor Forest), which employs for the first time the material of the overture, is delightful. So at least it can be said that the opera begins and ends well. The cast, headed by Wilma Lipp as Frau Fluth (i.e., Mistress Ford), was adequate if lacking the sparkle expected of a festival performance.

ALAN FRANK

Twelfth-century Church Music

By GILBERT REANEY.

Works of the Chartres, Limoges, and Notre Dame composers will be broadcast at 7.35 p.m. on Wednesday, April 10 (Third)

In the early Middle Ages activity in the field of church composition had been primarily concerned with plainsong, which undoubtedly has its roots in the chant of the synagogue. By the end of the seventh century, however, a large repertoire was in existence and it was a question of spreading the Roman chant all over Europe. So far as possible the native variants were suppressed and adherence to Roman forms became the watchword. This was particularly the case in the domains of Pepin (d. 768) and Charlemagne (d. 814), who organised the liturgy after the Roman model in order to unite their many subjects. The existence of a fixed body of chant checked new composition. It would be a mistake to say that new chants were not composed, since particularly the Ordinary of the Mass was cultivated from the ninth century onwards. But in general the established texts and melodies were considered untouched.

Creative activity could not be stifled so easily, however, and what actually happened was that new texts and melodies were grafted on to appropriate parts of existing chants. These so-called tropes occur in many forms, both with and without text. Most important perhaps are the long melodies which formed an ornamental addition to the Alleluia when it was repeated after its verse. They were sung to the final vowel 'a', and were called sequences. The same term was applied when new words were added to the sequence melodies, although the melodies with texts were also, reasonably enough, called proses. Not all tropes were musical in origin; they could be simply new textual additions to existing chant music, for instance in the Gradual and Offertory.

Tropes and sequences soon came to be composed in such numbers that separate volumes were reserved for them, particularly famous being the two eleventh-century Winchester Tropers, now at Oxford and Cambridge respectively, and the manuscripts of St. Martial de Limoges in France. Another centre, St. Gall in Switzerland, was under the influence of Irish monks. Writing in more than one part was in fact a kind of troping for the Middle Ages; it was an addition to the basic chant. Little part-music has been preserved from before the twelfth century, doubtless because most polyphony was improvised from the ninth to the end of the eleventh century. Even where pieces have been noted down, the primitive state of the notation makes it often impossible to transcribe them with accuracy. In the twelfth century, staves and clefs may be missing, but the notes are accurately placed above or below a central line, making an edition a practical possibility. In a

few cases the letters of the alphabet have been employed instead of note-shapes, making it much simpler to identify the exact position of notes in the scale. A page from Chartres, which has been reduced to ashes by fire, is a rare exception, because it contained five Alleluias in staff notation from the eleventh century. Photographs are still available, and make it possible to transcribe these short pieces, whose solo sections are in two parts. The second part is simply added to the first plainsong part note against note.

In the twelfth century itself two schools developed polyphony and indeed other forms of church composition to a degree which stamps them as the schools of the first and second half of the century respectively. The school of St. Martial de Limoges is represented by four important manuscripts, of which one, in the British Museum, may in fact not be from St. Martial, but is closely connected with the others so far as the compositions in it are concerned. This is the school of the early twelfth century, and indeed tropes and sequences of great importance are to be found there from the ninth century onwards. The monastery of St. Martial was founded in the year 848. Its most brilliant period was under abbot Ademar, who died in 1114 after fifty years there. Both he and abbot Petrus de Barri, who died in 1174, are cited by the chronicler of St. Martial as having enriched the library greatly. It is perhaps significant that Petrus de Reins, *precentor Parisiensis*, died at St. Martial in 1197, because by that time the Notre Dame school of Paris had become the centre of musical activity.

The forms cultivated were generally strophic with regard to verse-form, and may be summed up as Benedicamus Domino tropes, sequences and Versus. The Benedicamus Domino is sung at the end of mass in Lent and Advent and at the end of Vespers and Lauds. The tropes usually led into the words 'Benedicamus Domino' (Let us bless the Lord) and 'Deo gracias' (Thanks be to God); but later, particularly in the Notre Dame school, this limitation seems to have been dropped and the works became religious songs. The Versus were shorter hymn-like poems and had refrains. Both types of composition seem to have accompanied processions. The music in the oldest twelfth-century manuscript is almost entirely for one part, but many of these monodic pieces appear for two parts in later manuscripts. Often enough the music has the dance rhythm of the Notre Dame school, but particularly on the final syllable of a phrase the prevailing syllabic movement will give way to a shower of notes. This is especially noticeable in the two-part works,

and in some pieces for two parts there are many notes in the top voice for each note of the lower one, which must be sustained.

This last type of form was taken up and developed by the first great master of the Notre Dame school, Leoninus, who must have flourished shortly after the middle of the twelfth century. He applied this polyphony to the Proper of the Mass, that is to the solo chants which varied week by week, as well as to the solo chants of the Office. Some of his compositions are very long, and he alternates sustained-note style, in which the upper voice may continue for bars and bars over a single tenor note, with what we would call a more chordal style. Here there are more notes in the tenor, often two per bar. These remarkable works are called organa, and Léonin is credited with the composition of the so-called 'great book of organa', which has come down to the present day more or less intact. Evidently such pieces were required only for occasions of great importance, for most of them are for Christmas and Easter.

Perotinus, the successor of Magister Leo, was equally famous and seems to have been considered even greater than his predecessor. He wrote organa for three and four voices and conductus too, the natural outcome of the St. Martial Benedicamus tropes. Rhythmically his works fall into sections which obey set patterns which do not alter from one bar to another. These must have been necessary when writing in more than two parts. In any case they were doubtless thought of as more modern than the rhythms of Leoninus, for Pérotin composed many substitute sections for the organa of his predecessor. The impersonal nature of much medieval art could hardly be more evident than in these Notre Dame works, which are nevertheless as alive as the cathedral in which they were performed. Once again a new form was grafted on to the old as words were added to individual sections of organa, whose voices are normally textless. These new tropes were called motets, and on the pattern of the first of them the thirteenth century produced motets in hundreds. The organa were the masterpieces of the twelfth century, reaching their climax in Perotinus' four-part works as it ended. The conductus lived on for a while, but the new century was the age of the motet.

Another booklet on Ghana has been published by the Stationery Office, price 2s. 6d.: it is entitled *Britain and the Gold Coast: The Dawn of Ghana* and it has been prepared by the Colonial Office and the Central Office of Information, with many photographic illustrations.

Great Writers Rediscovered

Who are the neglected masters of literature? As the unending stream of the world's books flows on, even great writers sometimes get less than their true deserts. The Sunday Times invited a number of outstanding present-day writers to choose a favourite whose work is too little known and who in rediscovery would yield new pleasures.

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Better Sleep for the Elderly

By A PHYSICIAN

ONE of the common complaints of elderly people is that they find it difficult to get to sleep and often wake during the night and early in the morning. Some people say that they have 'always' slept badly. Often the reason is that for years, perhaps for the whole of their adult life, they have tried to sleep longer hours than their particular bodies need. If they had had the common sense to go to bed later or to get up earlier, then the hours they spent in bed would have been spent in sleep. Of course, if one lies in bed physically and mentally relaxed and at ease, that is restful and satisfying—but usually this sort of person lies physically and mentally tense, far from being at ease.

Physical and mental tension are frequently the causes of sleeplessness. If you go to bed too tired you may find it very difficult to get off to sleep, and if you are worried or anxious about things, longing for forgetfulness, you may toss and turn for hours before you drop off. It is in such circumstances that people fear they will 'go mad'—but there is no basis for any such fear. Worry and anxiety are common causes of insomnia at any age, and the remedy is always the same: to try to put things right. That may be easier said than done, but even trying to put matters right may do good, because at least you face up to whatever it is that is troubling you. In the meantime, there is no reason why the ordinary common-sense remedies for sleeplessness should not be used.

Is the bed right? Some like a hard mattress, some a soft. Are the bed clothes right? Too heavy and too hot can keep you awake just as much as too light and too cold. Note especially that cold feet can keep you awake. Are there enough pillows? Many elderly folk who may have some heart or lung trouble cannot sleep low in the bed, and are much better with three or four pillows. Is the room properly ventilated? Are the windows curtained so as to shut out disturbing light? Any one of these details can make the world of difference.

Some articles of food and drink have a bad reputation as causes of wakefulness: but you probably know whether or not you can drink tea last thing at night and whether cheese for supper feels heavy on your chest. Too little late in the evening can be just as upsetting as too much. You may find a hot, milky drink just before you go to bed helps you to sleep.

Another problem, just as important, is what to do if you wake in the night and cannot get to sleep again. It is a good thing to have a light within reach, because if you are awake a light is often a great comfort, and a book or paper to read for a quarter of an hour or so may help you to settle down again. A glass of milk or a vacuum flask with a warm drink by the bed may also be helpful.

There are other and more serious causes of insomnia—physical illness, or some painful condition. But there will be other symptoms besides

sleeplessness, so that you will realise you need your doctor's advice. He may then consider you need a sedative of some sort in addition to the treatment for the physical illness. A word of warning: do not collect stocks of sedatives and do not leave even small quantities lying about where other people can get at them. Do not keep a supply by the bedside. If you wake in the night you may forget that you have already had the dose ordered and take too much.

—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

C. J. GEDDES, C.B.E. (page 539): former General Secretary, Union of Post Office Workers; President, Trades Union Congress, 1954-55; President, European Zone, International Confederation of Free Trade Unions; Member, Court of Inquiry into shipbuilding and engineering disputes

FRANÇOIS DUCHÉNE (page 541): Paris correspondent of *The Economist*

ELIAS BREDSORFF (page 544): Lecturer in Danish, Cambridge University, who visited China in 1955 and 1956

WAYNE C. BOOTH (page 550): Head, Department of English, Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana; doing research in England as a Guggenheim Fellow

JOHN BOWEN (page 565): journalist and author of *The Truth Will Not Help Us*

Crossword No. 1,401. Wheels Within—VIII. By Trochos

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 11. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Outer circle (clockwise): quotation from poetical work. Third circle (clockwise): author (two words, equal length). The three letters of the centre circle are all different. The letters of the second circle may be arranged to make the following remark: MUCH BREW BY VOCAL T.T. SOLDIER. Clues are

from the Bible or works of verse; answers (five letters each) are mixed, except 38.

CLUES

- Shall fold their tents, like the —
- Hanging on a gate To watch the threshers in the mossy —
- He — much; He is a great observer
- The battle — loud and long And the stormy winds do blow
- Now no stroke of woodman Is heard by —'s rill
- Herminius smote down —
- With torrid heat, And vapour as the Libyan air —, Began to parch that temperate clime
- When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung, Now midnight — were in Melrose sung
- Now sleeps the crimson —, now the white
- A sensitive — in a garden grew
- Their name, their years, . . . The — of fame and elegy supply
- A belt of straw and ivy buds With coral —s and amber studs
- Each nymph your rival, and each youth your —
- You run about, my little Maid, Your limbs they are —
- Their shoes were — and neat
- Is driv'n yelling to his caves beneath mount —
- It was —, —, all the way
- First, and chieftest, with thee bring Him that you — on golden wing
- I'm truly — Man's dominion Has broken nature's social union
- That talkative, bald-headed seamari came. . . . From doom-crimson shore
- Lord God of —, be with us yet
- At Over they fling — at one, And worse than — at Trumpington
- Or like — Cortez, when with eagle eyes He star'd at the Pacific
- Where the wallowing monster —ed his foam-fountains in the sea
- Ambitious of the town, She left her wheel and — of country brown
- The bristly —, who with his snout up ploughed The spacious plains [plural]
- Their beds they were made of the holly-wood, Their — of the tortoise's shell
- A male Mrs. Fry, With a soft — will I sweep your halls
- up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
- Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to —
- Bright is the ring of —
- And — the dog had lost his wits, To bite so good a man
- At the — house, ev'n on Sunday, Thou drank with Kirkton Jean
- With — of learned lumber in his head
- Friend, thy bands were losing The battle, as I stood before the King In
- This — some strange eruption to our state
- The 'Auld Robin Grays' and the 'Aileen Aarons' — and 'Sweet Bonny —'
- In the middle of the woods, These were all the worldly —, Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo
- Long, long ago they passed threescore-and-ten, And in this — house lived together then
- For all the gods of the nations are —: but the Lord made the heavens
- Little he loves such —, I know; Yet, in your guard, perchance will go
- The amateur tenor, whose vocal villainies All desire to
- Outspeeding the —, And the sword-fish dark
- Sad — to sadder husbands chastely taming
- At the close Of Ramazan, ere the better moon —
- Her track, wher'e'r the Goddess —, Glory pursue, and generous Shame
- Thou, light-winged Dryad of the —, In some melodious plot
- Daughter of the Voice of God

Solution of No. 1,399

H	E	C	O	X	A	U	R	A	N	I	A
A	W	L	U	L	U	L	A	T	O	N	I
W	H	O	T	G	U	E	I	S	T	L	E
S	O	W	R	W	R	E	N	C	R	A	N
O	M	N	I	Q	U	A	Y	L	E	A	T
B	O	L	D	T	S	U	B	A	H	I	E
F	R	E	E	D	D	A	T	N	U	N	D
E	T	O	U	Q	R	A	L	E	H	C	G
P	E	A	R	I	A	L	I	N	N	R	E
L	E	I	F	X	P	E	O	R	R	A	
M	E	A	F	E	S	N	E	B	V		
S	L	E	D	A	S	P	I	S	E	D	

Reading diagonally from left to right, starting at square 5 and continuing to square 14 the title *Alice in Wonderland* appears. The key word is FLAMINGO and the other undecoded lights, decoded, are 19AC. HARE; 4D. WALRUS; 23D. GOLD-FISH; 32D. DOGO; 35R. LIZARD; 39D. PIGEON.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: ... Jones (Marks Tey); 2nd prize: Miss B. Griffith (Liverpool, 17); 3rd prize: W. Oldham (London, N.W.4)

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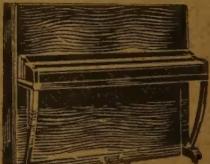
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